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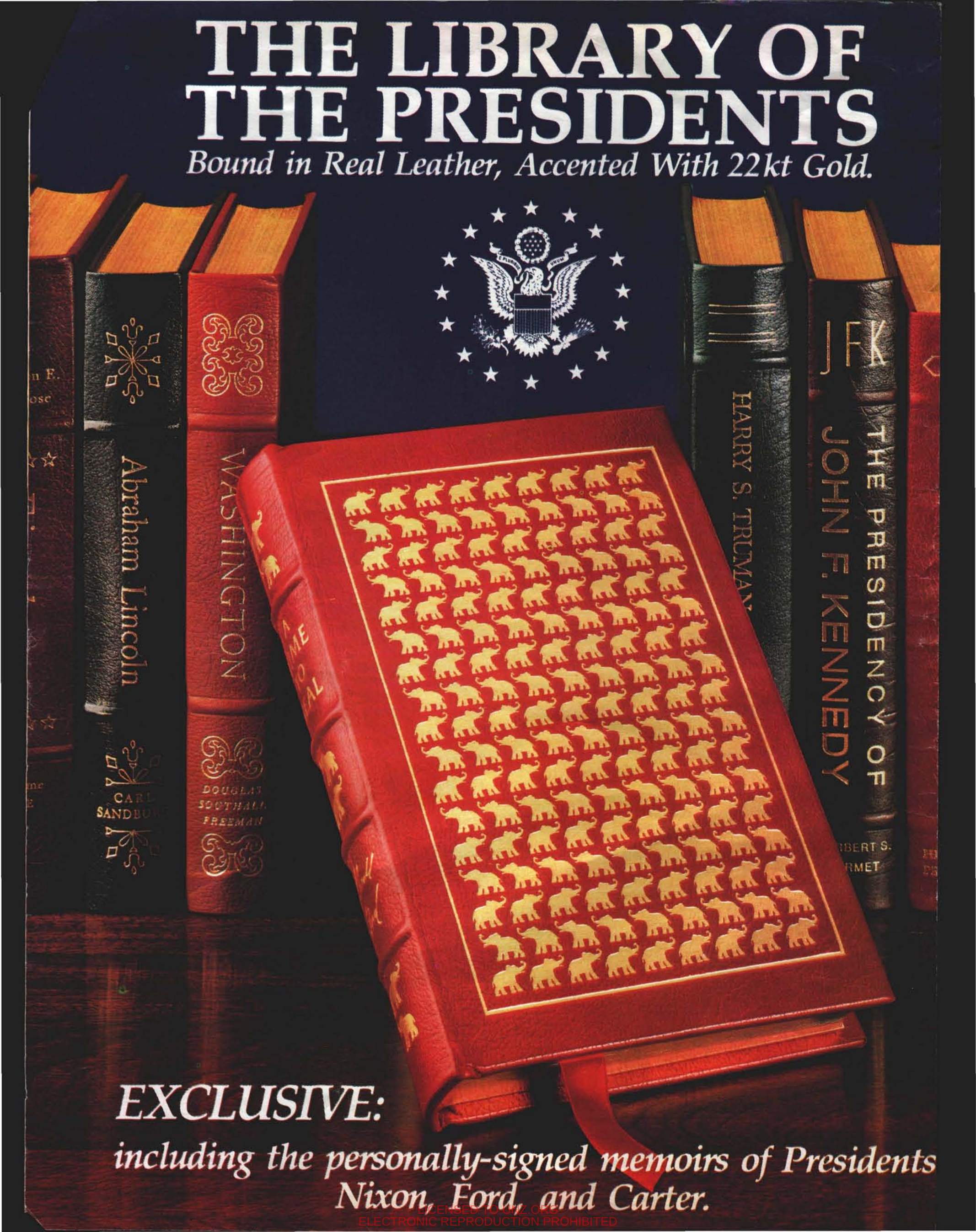

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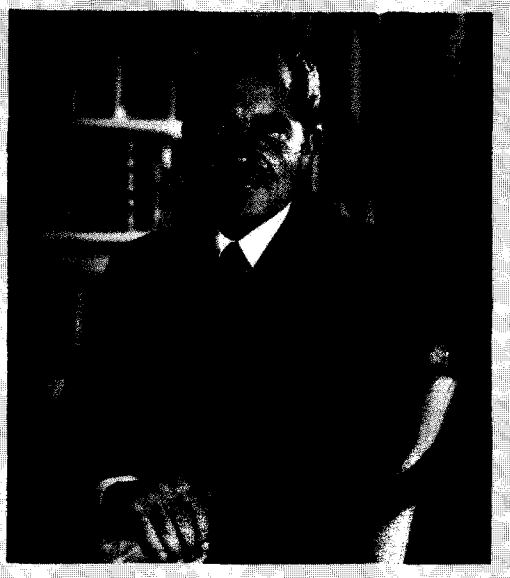

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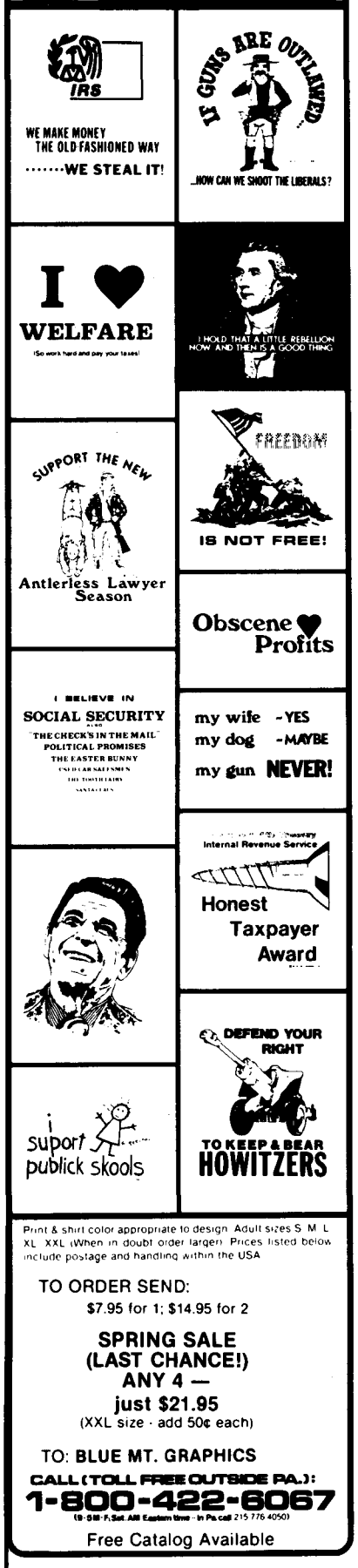

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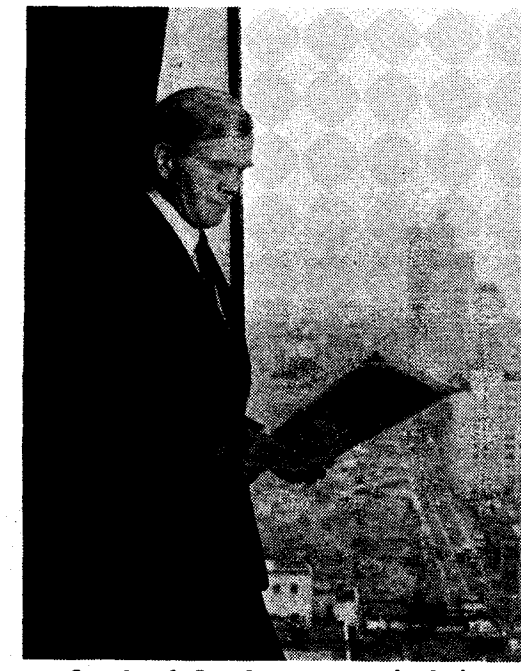

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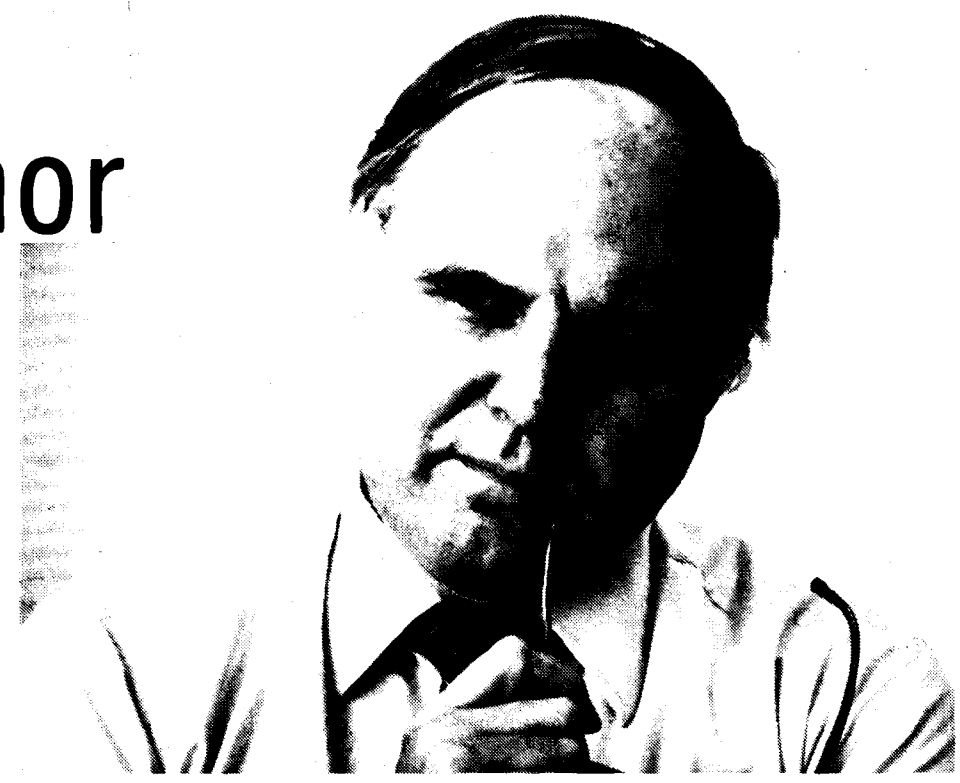

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•April passed, and only 560 demonstrators were arrested in front of CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia. Doubtless there would have been 562, but Miss Amy Carter and her grizzled boyfriend, Mr. Abbie Hoffman, mysteriously failed to show on the morning of the April 27 demonstrations. Thus leadership of the anti-Reagan festivities fell to Mr. Daniel Ellsberg, who flashed mirrors at the imposing CIA complex, insisting that the building was populated by vampires.

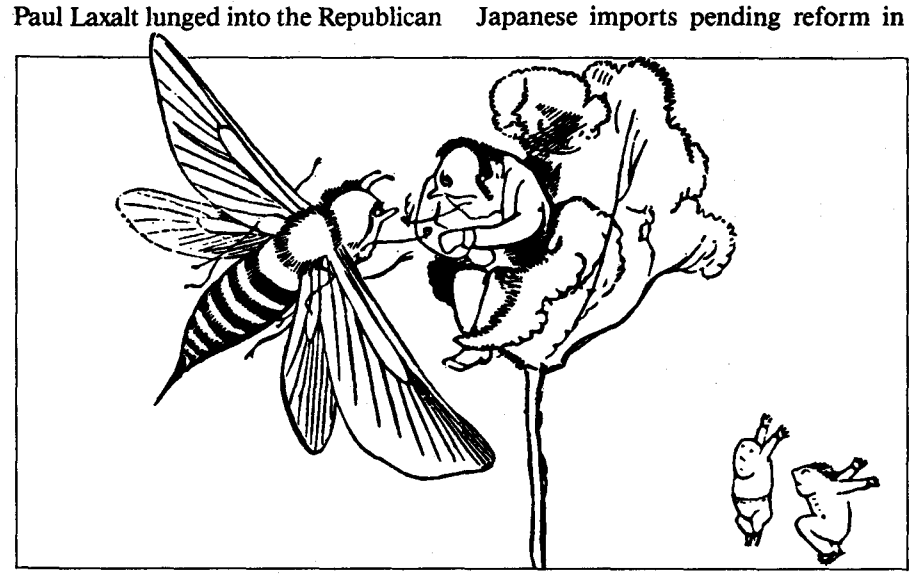
•The numbers continue to mount with no end in sight! According to London's authoritative *Evening Standard* Queen Elizabeth's cousins, Katherine Bowes-Lyon and her sister Nerissa, were not the only members of the royal family to have been surreptitiously filed away in Royal Earlswood Hospital once their eccentricities were adjudged flafla. There were two others, and now comes word that Prince Charles may be suffering a royal ringing in the ears also. Early in the month the heir to the throne evanesced into the Kalahari desert with an 81-year-old hansdoodle guru, improbably named Sir Laurens Van der Post, to mull over the placid ways of the Kalahari bushmen, long noted for their fluent valsalvic maneuvers and direct manners. The Prince's absorption with the occult has troubled Princess Diana, whose inclination is toward moral positivism and situational ethics, and she was visibly shaken by news that the Prince did not even bring a toothbrush. Can Royal Earlswood be far away? The Red Army increased its pressure on Afghan nationalists, bombing Afghan villages and suspected nationalist camps within Pakistan; and the state of New York moved against cigarette smokers as its regulation against public smoking took effect notwithstanding attempts by local freedom fighters to thwart the monstrosity. Henceforth cigarette smoke may not issue from one's lungs in taxis, limousines, public buildings, almost any place save the living room of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Kristol who have sworn to resist government forces at least until they execute an orderly withdrawal to Washington, D.C.

•The moribund career of Mr. Ralph Nader may revive once word spreads of Dr. J. Brendan Wynne's recent researches. Dr. Wynne, the veteran orthopedic specialist with Philadelphia's venerable Osteopathic Medical Center, has written the American Medical Association, alerting fellow physicians and curious passersby of a danger that "almost defies belief" from the vacuum toilet, an especially popular amenity on private yachts and cruise ships. According to Dr. Wynne, while seated on a vacuum toilet aboard a cruise ship one of his patients—a somewhat rotund female—flushed the thing only to have a portion of her posterior violently sucked into the toilet bowl, causing unexpected pain and ruining the cruise for practically everyone once her misfortune was made manifest.

•It was another proud chapter for the Girl Scouts of America when rescuers in Norton, Kansas retrieved the automobile of Nellie and Orville Obendorf from a snowbank and heard nothing but encomia from the couple about that one box of Girl Scout cookies that sustained them for thirteen otherwise uneventful days. Aiming for maximum dramatic effect, Mrs. Mary Jo Jansen, 44, whose electricity had recently been turned off, entered a fifth-grade classroom in Santa Ana, California, and shot herself despite pleas from 28 school children. "Any suicide is unfortunate," Orange County Sheriff's Lt. Dick Olsen said, stretching the truth somewhat, "but it's particularly unfortunate when it's done in front of children." Senator Paul Simon of Illinois entered the race for the Democratic presidential nomination, shouting "I am not a neo-anything." He was joined during April by Gary Hart and Albert Gore, while Alexander Haig and Paul Laxalt lunged into the Republican race. Mr. Mort Downy, a disc jockey in Chicago, demonstrated the effect of an electric stun gun by shooting himself while on the air. He was out for two minutes. God knows how many children were listening.

•On April 20 in Northeim, West Germany, violence again marred the festivities of a group of German traditionalists commemorating the birthday of one of the twentieth century's most widely recognized proponents of German philosophy, Mr. Adolf Hitler. Apparently the hostilities ensued when a group of Turkish children at play frightened the celebrants, and the children's nannies moved in to retrieve them. In London, Mr. John Farley, the birdlover, was fined £100 for biting the head off Mr. John Higgins's parakeet as Mr. Higgins and Miss Carmen Turley dined in a Chinese restaurant. Illinois Governor James R. Thompson successfully scotched a state-sponsored song meant to awaken Illinoisians to the peril of unsheathed sexual contact. The song, entitled "The Condom Rag," reminds the state's stallions that "one size fits all," that a multitude of colors and styles are available, and concludes on a hortatory refrain: "Remember boys, don't be no dunce/Only use that condom once/See, it's easy and fun and it ain't a drag/Groovin' and doin' the condom rag." Were the song to gain a national audience, the Governor feared it might retard Illinois's tourist trade by giving the impression that the state abounds with young morons.

•The Reagan Administration clamped sanctions against a limited range of Japanese imports pending reform in Japanese treatment of American goods, and the French government has agreed to allow construction of a French-speaking Disneyland near Paris. A Chinese version of Disneyland opened on April 18, and even the Dutch are feeling the pressure of American cultural exports. In Amsterdam the first museum devoted exclusively to cannabis culture has been opened. The Hash Info Museum draws heavily on exhibits loaned to it by the eminent Mr. Ed Rosenthal, the American author of *Marijuana Grower's Guide*.



•Mr. Kurt Waldheim, the controversial president of Austria, was barred from entering the United States, three decades late. Hopes for a missile accord between the United States and the Soviet Union brightened. The stock market began to slide. And Mr. Bernhard Goetz, the neoconservative activist, went on trial in New York for taking four hoodlums seriously late in 1984. Dutch beekeepers remain irate over their government's sponsorship of an AIDS awareness television spot that makes bees out to be promiscuous practitioners of perverted sex. "It's technically false," Mr. Ton Kemps, secretary of the Dutch National League of Beekeepers, declared. "A bee doesn't come to a flower for sex." Mr. Primo Levi, the Italian writer and dear, dear friend of belletrist Leon Wieseltier, died after a fall, and Mr. Jean-Baptiste Doumeng, the wealthiest Communist in France, died of natural causes. And reports that evangelist Oral Roberts passed away early in April were indignantly denied by a spokesman for Roberts when a researcher from this magazine called to verify whether the evangelist had died after a $1.4-million check donated to him bounced.

•In Great Britain, the county council of Salisbury, Wiltshire, has decided to ban all portrayals of trains, teddy bears, and toadstools in county classrooms, for being "too European and middle class for a multi-racial Britain." Conservatives led by Tory councillor Mr. Fred Maylor have vowed to oppose the measure, but it is going to be tough going against the logic of Mrs. Nell White, the left-wing educator who explains that "it is wrong to teach children to count the number of carriages on a train or the spots on a toad-

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stool." Much light was shed on the unfortunate condition of the Soviet working girl when *Sovietskaya Rossiya* reported that of the 3,500 prostitutes recently registered in Moscow's central district many had lost limbs to frostbite and some were in their seventies—a sad commentary on working conditions in the Marxist paradise but proof of the kind-heartedness of at least some American Marines. In Oakland, California, Miss Z. Budapest confirmed widely-circulated reports that she had been asked by Miss Rita Dixon, vice president of the progressive Emeryville School Board, to cast a hex on the local superintendent of schools. Finally the chairman of the Commission on California State Government Organization and Economy has revealed that the University of California at Berkeley was "the No. 1 campus for crime in America" last year. Congratulations, idealists! *—RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Hook, Russell, and Atomic War

In reporting his conversation with me in his "A Stroll with Sidney Hook" (*TAS*, May 1987), Tom Bethell gives an incomplete account of some references I made to Bertrand Russell. I was discussing Russell's view that if the Kremlin refused to accept the Baruch-Lilienthal proposals to establish an international authority and monopoly of atomic energy, the West should wage a preventive atomic war against the Soviet Union.

I have always considered Russell's position both rash and unnecessary, and have argued that his several calls for preventive atomic war against the Soviet Union made him morally unfit to sit in judgment on President Kennedy during the Cuban missile crisis. At that time, he denounced Kennedy as a criminal "worse than Hitler" while praising Khrushchev, who had precipitated the crisis by stealthily introducing nuclear weapons into Cuba, "for his continued forbearance" (see the chapter on "Bertrand Russell and Crimes Against Humanity" in my *Philosophy and Public Policy*, Carbondale, 1980).

My own view was that so long as the United States had the monopoly of atomic weapons, the Kremlin would never go to war to overcome resistance to its expansion. During the Berlin blockade General Clay told me that his contingency plans to run armored trains to supply West Berlin had been vetoed by the State Department. Stalin was much more cautious than Khrushchev, and made no effort to disrupt the airlift, well aware that it would have precipitated war. There is evidence that Stalin's break with Tito was largely motivated by fear that Tito would seize Trieste, thus provoking war with "the Anglo-American imperialists" at a time when the Soviet Union was too exhausted to engage in war. I am also convinced that had Eisenhower made a military gesture to come to the aid of Hungary, while Poland was still restive, the Kremlin would have retreated, as Mikoyan and others at the time urged, rather than engage in war. It was Khrushchev, the domestic reformer, to whom Gorbachev is being compared, who drowned the Hungarian Revolution in blood, threatened Red China with nuclear weapons, took the measure of the fearful West, but backed off when the chips were down.

The Soviet Union will never venture into a war against the West unless it is sure to win it. So long as our defenses make their victory uncertain, we will have peace. For the detailed argument I take the liberty of referring readers to the chapter "In Defense of the Cold War: Neither Red nor Dead" in my *Marxism and Beyond* (Totowa, 1983).

—Sidney Hook
Stanford, California

Darwin Disembowled and Debunked

In the April issue, Mr. George Sim Johnston alleges that Frederick Crews's book *Skeptical Engagements* documents the "disembowelment" and debunking of the systems of Marx, Freud, and Darwin. Since any thinking and well-read person is aware that Marx and Freud produced little more than mindless drivel and that Darwinian evolutionary theory is the foundation of modern science, Crews's book would seem to be an unholy mixture of the supererogatory and the silly. I doubt if I will buy the book to see if it contains $19.95 worth of entertainment.

The article by Tom Bethell in *Harper's* that Johnston alludes to in his review would only impress a scientific illiterate, as kindly pointed out by Stephen Jay Gould in a recent issue of *Discover* magazine.

Darwinian evolutionary theory, like atomic "theory," Einstein's "theory" of Relativity, the germ "theory" of disease, and the Big Bang "theory," is the accepted scientific interpretation of verifiable facts in a particular domain of science. In addition to overwhelming evidence for evolution, no credible scientific alternative theory exists. Contrary to the mindless blind faith of millions of superstitious cretins, an incomprehensible *something* called a "God" zapping the entire universe of time, matter, and space into existence, as is, complete with two magically produced humans, about six to twenty thousand years ago, for some unknown "purpose," *is not* a scientifically or logically defendable alternative theory.

For scientists today, imagining modern science (including astronomy and physics) without recourse to the evolutionary paradigm is like imagining a person walking around without a skeleton.

If Mr. Crews, Mr. Johnston (or Mr. Bethell) are in need of a source of information written for the layman, I would recommend *Creation/Evolution Journal* published by the American Humanist Association. The "missing link," "inexplicable complexity of the eye," "contradiction to thermodynamics," "contradiction to laws of probability," and other bugaboos can be easily and correctly understood with effort, even by those with educational backgrounds weak or lacking in the hard sciences. *—James G. Lee*
Jackson, Mississippi

George Sim Johnston replies:

I am glad that Mr. Lee was not using a controlled substance when he read my review; however, he did not read it very carefully. Frederick Crews does not discuss Darwin in his book, and I wrote nothing to imply that he does. What Crews writes about Marxism, however, could be said about the current embarrassed state of Darwinian theory; its adherents have immured themselves behind lavishly baroque mental constructs in the face of mounting empirical evidence that it is not true. Darwin's disciples have been reduced to defending their theory by asserting, in Mr. Lee's words, that "no creditable scientific alternative theory exists." But we are not obliged to believe in a theory in the teeth of contrary evidence simply because there is no other plausible "scientific" explanation. Mr. Lee does not divulge the "overwhelming evidence for evolution"; but I suggest that he read Norman Macbeth's *Darwin Retried* in which the leading Darwinists—Huxley, Simpson, Mayr, *et al.*—are made to look exceedingly foolish. And Mr. Lee should not have mentioned Einstein to bolster his argument, because Einstein was one of those "superstitious cretins" who believe in God.

Backing Barnes

In response to Fred Barnes's reply to Jane Mansbridge's letter (Correspondence, *TAS*, April 1987): I will vouch for the accuracy of Mr. Barnes's statement that "feminists usually treat homemakers with disdain." As a woman who defied societal expectations and chose full-time homemaking and motherhood as a career, I realized long ago that I would have to learn not only to live with the unmitigated scorn of the feminista junta, but also not to let it bother me. In reality, any embarrassment I experience as a result of their intolerance is more than compensated for by the gratitude I feel for the fact that I recognized the fallacy of their peculiar brand of "liberation theology" before it was too late.

As for Ms. Mansbridge's insistence that "ERA would not have required sending women draftees into combat," it's worth noting that she did not deny that ERA would have required the draft to apply to both sexes equally. This might have some interesting consequences, though probably not the ones that ERA's sponsors had in mind. For example, if ERA were ratified (or if the Supreme Court were to reverse its earlier decision affirming the constitutionality of the male-only draft) and if a national emergency necessitated reinstatement of the draft, our nation would experience, almost overnight, a pregnancy epidemic of unprecedented proportions among young women of draft age—pregnancy being the surest and most readily available means of rendering oneself draft-proof. Historians would have a new phenomenon to study: a pre-war baby boom! Actually, it could be just the thing to boost our nation's sagging birthrate back up to the level needed to replace our aging, dying population. *—Lucy Rudenborg*
Menomonie, Wisconsin

Thanks to Lehrman

A quick note of appreciation for Lewis Lehrman's excellent article, "The Declaration of Independence and the Right to Life" (*TAS*, April 1987). Mr. Lehrman's argument was logical, historically accurate, and profoundly perceptive of the eventual import of the ongoing "slaughter of the innocents" which, of course, is abortion-on-demand. One feels somewhat callous to speak of "eventual import" when the current reality is 20,000,000 dismembered children-in-the-womb since *Roe*

(continued on page 47)

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EDITORIALS

THE SOLITARY HART

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

And so it has begun. On a cold damp rock in Red Rocks Park in the Colorado outback, Gary Hart has declared his candidacy for the Republic's highest office. And now it will get worse. The cruel and inexorable sacrifice of the Solitary Hart was written in the stars long before his vague Senate years, his days in the 1972 McGovern campaign, or that pregnant moment when he changed his name from rustic Hartpence to functional Hart. The same turn of history's wheel that required presidential candidate Jerry Brown in the 1970s requires candidate Gary Hart in the 1980s.

Candidate Hart's ordeal will be gruesome. The Rape of the Sabines was horrible, but brief. The victimization of Mr. Hart could last for months. Megalomania has heavily insulated him; he may never notice the blows raining down, or the snickers. Yet shrewd observers in both parties saw it all coming long ago. Their only question is when will Mr. Hart's handlers carry him off.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

When they do an aggrieved Mr. Hart will condemn the press, for in the end it is the press that will finish him off. His recriminations will be understandable but wholly unjustified. He has used the ingenues of the press corps brazenly, and when they catch on they will take offense. It is in the nature of their art.

Along with modern communications' evolution into that instantaneous production line of information and disinformation that we call the media has come a crowd of mountebank presidential candidates. Their constituency is not regional or sociological. It is primarily the isolated population that labors at the media's production line, filling it with the output of their cameras, their recorders, their word processors. To the media the mountebanks come, representing no fixed groups or principles or even a body of coherent ideas. Instead the mountebanks produce a sensation, designed for the media's special needs: sound bites, visuals, an original persona—the goofier the better, at least for a while.

All presidential candidates cooperate somewhat with the media's needs. Certainly Ronald Reagan did. But the media's mountebanks cooperate totally, and just as the media's first need is an unconventional candidate with a meteoric rise, another of their needs is Dunkirk—the candidate collapses! Even more desirable is the candidate's collapse into a cloud of weird vapor. This is a particularly cruel twist, for many a media mountebank's irregularities were encouraged by the press. In the end, however, candidate Brown was sent off as Governor Moonbeam. How will they send off the Solitary Hart?

Consider his recent heroics. He did not declare his candidacy in his home town or 'midst a sea of passionate followers. There were no herds of leaping fanatics pledged to die for him. On the great day of national salvation the Solitary Hart bundled 450 journalists—cameras and microphones in hand—into a bus for a fifteen-mile ride to one of nature's telegenic marvels. No other voters were present aside from an occasional park ranger, one of whom notified the arriving press, "We call this the lower South parking lot." Hart drove up to the media event in his own white, mud-splattered jeep; and with a curiously sad-looking family braved the chill wind, hatless and without a topcoat—the media mountebank never appears before the cameras fully clothed.

Then with the cameras clicking and whirring he enunciated in this soaring and thoroughly preposterous setting an eight-minute dithyramb, its ideas brief and incoherent but proffering slogans for every taste, media bites for all mankind. Still he is a goner. For many weeks now the press has been chipping away at the gimcrack monument that he presented them in place of a personality, to say nothing of a character or a set of principles. The Solitary Hart claimed that ideas would be his theme. Actually, he snagged the press with this monstrosity of a monument and now the press pursues the monstrosity into stage two of a mountebank's media life, the collapse. The questions are personal and now grow treacherous. The Solitary Hart in Campaign '84 was a veritable gasbag. Now he is ominously reticent. His replies are laconic, framed in resentment. The unusually numerous opponents who have appeared from the Democratic ranks bespeak the low hopes held for candidate Hart. But all are so bland and alike that it is doubtful one will enter the 1988 convention a clear winner. The party of progress may be forced to revert to a smoke-filled room. It could be worse. □

SAFE SEX IN MOSCOW

The moral and intellectual dismantlement of America, always proctored so zealously by Americans of a progressive cast of mind, has now advanced sufficiently that the Marine guards at our Moscow embassy are making love not war. The Secretary of State, oblivious to the humiliation visited upon his government by Soviet penetration of the inner reaches of our embassy, contemplated flying off to Moscow trailed by a mobile home for his private meetings. No insult, no matter how public, registers on the brains of Americans accustomed to working in their underwear.

Ever since the late 1970s the Soviets have been eavesdropping brazenly on our diplomats and infiltrating our embassy staff, but enlightened opinion remained nonchalant. Until recently, two hundred of the embassy employees have been Soviet citizens, as though they were the citizens of just another democratic society. When it was reported that fifty of these were double dippers, drawing salaries from the United States Treasury and the mysterious KGB, former Ambassador Arthur Hartman, according to a *Washington Post* source, took the position that "I don't have any secrets here." He also had but one string on the low E of his grand piano.

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I refer to early 1986 when "vandals" somehow secreted themselves in the Ambassador's official residence and brutalized its piano just before two hundred guests arrived to hear Vladimir Feltsman, a Soviet virtuoso and dissident, perform on it. "It's a terrible thing to do to a piano," Mr. Hartman innocently opined. Actually the Soviets are capable of far more terrible acts, but as Americans have continued their stupendous essay into self-dismantlement they have ignored the nature of the Soviet regime even as they have stripped away the moral content of their own regime, leaving them looking a little stupid. Consider their braying following President Ronald Reagan's perfectly unobjectionable assertions that the totalitarian regime of the Soviet Union is evil. Consider the snores that were heard when the *Wall Street Journal* reported last October that the American embassy then under construction was full of bugs, or when it was reported that so intense was Soviet microwave bombardment of our embassy that diplomats feared for their health.

Nothing could raise the moral hairs of enlightened American opinion until the KGB's ladies of joy disarmed our Marine guards. Possibly the alarm grows from rumors that the concomitant breach of security is the gravest since the melodious Walkers, but do not bar the notion that enlightened opinion's alarm grows from the thought that the Marines may not have engaged in safe sex, as the phrase has it.

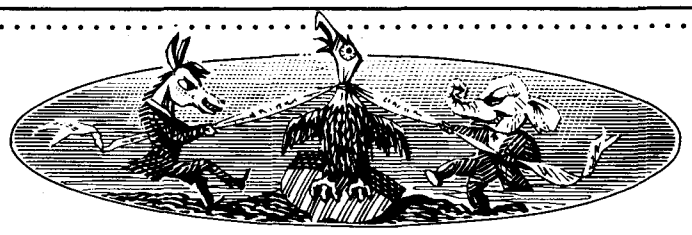
Now these ignorant American servicemen are being accused of fraternizing with the enemy—a charge unfamiliar to the ears of most Americans. During our years of moral and intellectual dismantlement it has become *outré* to refer to any foreigner as an enemy other than an occasional Chilean or a South African bigot.

Enlightened American opinion is offended by the thought that the Soviet regime is our enemy or that in terms of virtue it is at one with the Nazi regime, though it is anti-Semitic, despotic, and aggressively opposed to democracy. For years businessmen such as Armand Hammer have been accorded applause for fraternizing with the Soviets. So have politicians, private citizens, and intellectuals of the glassy-eyed variety such as Gore Vidal who recently returned from a seance with Mikhail Gorbachev, extolling his political virtuosity in terms Vidal could not even apply to Lincoln.

If the accused Marines have their wits about them—and the Marine who hired William Kunstler has at least half a wit about him—they will argue that they were merely strengthening relations between the superpowers, relieving tensions, engaging in people to people diplomacy. They will repeat the high-minded vaporings of all the upper class Americans who have paraded to Moscow for years assisting in the great work of creating moral and political symmetry between the Soviet tyranny and this woebegone democracy.

Somewhere in *The Unquiet Grave* Cyril Connolly said of the British of the late 1930s what can be said of many Americans today: "We have developed sympathy at the expense of loyalty." Connolly was a small man speaking of small things, but the line can also be applied to large matters. While attempting to understand the Soviets our loyalty to America has diminished to the point that Marines join diplomats in panting after the agents of the Soviet state, oblivious to the indignity. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



OLD DEBATES, NEW TWISTS

by Tom Bethell

There is something rather delicious about the potential arms control agreement on intermediate range missiles. For many years, as Irving Kristol pointed out in the *Wall Street Journal*, our allies have been "piously and disingenuously stressing the importance of arms control negotiations as one alternative to an expensive and politically unpopular buildup of NATO's conventional military forces." Now they may get rather more arms control than they had bargained for. With the Americans threatening to pull out their cruise and Pershing II missiles, West European leaders might well consider this the forerunner to further U.S. "decoupling" from Europe.

Even if an INF Treaty is signed, the Europeans should congratulate themselves for having inveigled us into subsidizing their welfare states for far longer than anyone might have expected at the end of World War II. And of course there will be voices aplenty in the U.S. to say that we should go on paying for the poor dears because they can't possibly be expected to stand up to the Red Army—never mind that their population and GNP exceed that of the Soviets, by a considerable margin; or that their technology is more advanced.

I need hardly say that there are major problems with the proposed INF "zero option," as with all arms control delusions, but I am on balance inclined to hope that it comes to pass. The resulting turmoil in the Western Alliance will constitute a good test of the rival theories of NATO held by Irving Kristol, and by Norman Podhoretz of *Commentary*. Kristol posits that European weakness is a result of their subsidization. Thus he would predict greater European resolve in the face of an American pullback. On the other hand Norman Podhoretz and his followers believe that European weakness is part of a more general "decline of the West." Podhoretz, therefore, would predict a further decline in European resolve in the face of American withdrawal.

Kristol's view is the more optimistic: the Europeans are basically sound but we have skewed their incentives, in typical Yankee fashion, with dollars. Podhoretz is more pessimistic: the West is in a more fundamental state of decay. Thus we must all hang together—rather than separately from the rope we have so eagerly sold the Soviets. (By temperament I would be inclined to agree with Podhoretz, but there is no denying that economic incentives act powerfully even on those who do not understand that their behavior responds to such incentives; therefore Kristol's view should be put to the test.)

Notice that the prospective treaty is by no means *intended* to test these rival theories. Nothing, you can be sure, is further from the minds of that trio of arms control enthusiasts, George Shultz, Paul Nitze, and Ronald Reagan. In fact, Reagan's hunger for a treaty—a piece of paper signed by the Russians that he can take with him into the history books—is itself a sign of quite gratuitous Western weakness, and as such constitutes good evidence for Podhoretz's world view.

It will be interesting to see what happens. My own guess is that a strange bedfellow alliance of nervous Europeans, politically alert Democrats, and traditional U.S. conservatives will derail the treaty. It probably won't be signed

Strange New Respect

The award this year goes to Charles Everett Koop, Surgeon General of the United States, for putting condoms before continence.

The Strange New Respect Award is given to public figures who arrive in Washington with conservative reputations but who "grow" because they find that their previously held opinions are considered unfashionable. Accordingly they apostasize, preferring the good opinion of the news media to their own opinions. Sometimes their change of heart is heralded by a *Washington Post* "Style" section article, quoting a source as saying that they are looked upon with a "strange new respect."

Next year, after the November election, a special award ceremony will be held: "From the Party of the Right to the Right Parties: Strange New Respect in the Reagan Years." It will honor the Most Strangely Respected Reaganite.

The SNR Committee is reported to be considering several candidates, but sources say that Nancy Reagan has the inside track. —*TB*

Tom Bethell is a visiting media fellow at the Hoover Institution and The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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and is highly unlikely to be ratified. Treaty opponents should be able to make hay with the Verification Trap. I'm surprised we haven't heard more about this State Department skulduggery already.

The "trap" is to have "negotiated" missile reductions without first having established how they are to be verified. But verification is the *difficult* part. Leaving it to last reduces it to the status of minor detail, important only to obstructionist foot-draggers who never were too keen on arms control in the first place. This is also a strategy for bringing pressure to bear on such strict-verification fuss-budgets: don't impede "the process" just at the moment when a "breakthrough" is at hand and Reagan is about to win his place in the history books.

A week after Reykjavik, in October 1986, Arms Control Director Kenneth Adelman told me: "We have not been able to get out of the White House specific guidance on negotiating verification for the last year. At Geneva we're negotiating on the numbers but we're not negotiating on verification."

"You're not?"

"That's right."

"Then there is a danger of coming to an agreement on numbers without an agreement on verification?"

"That is a danger, yes."

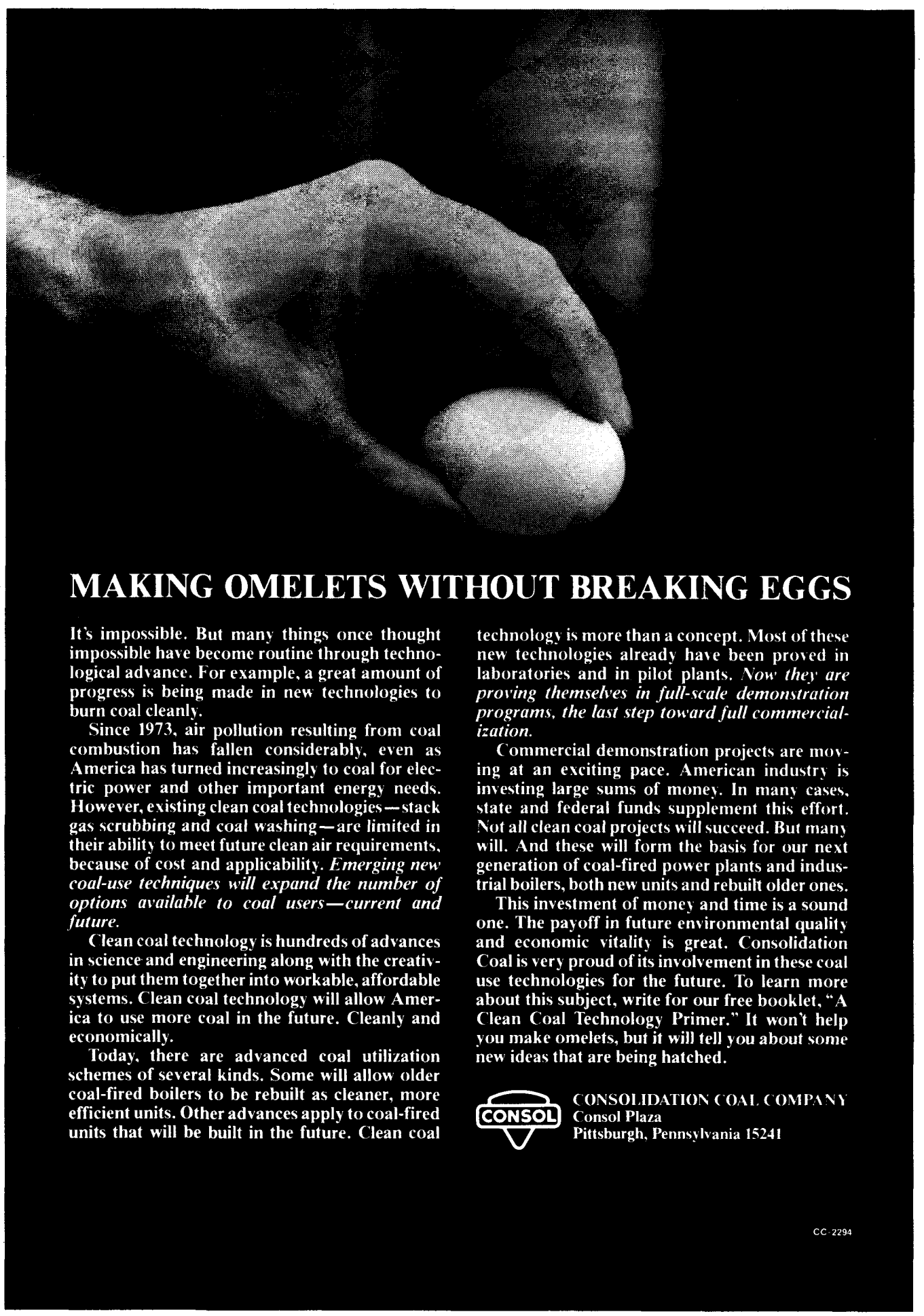
U.S. verification proposals weren't presented at Geneva until April 23—a week after Secretary Shultz returned from his feckless trip to Moscow. At the time all we were told was that the Soviets had agreed to on-site inspection "in principle." A spokesman for Adelman confirmed on April 20 what this meant: the Soviets have not agreed to any details of on-site inspection. Agreement "in principle" means no agreement in detail. A man may be willing to sell his house "in principle," but it would be absurd to talk of a "deal" before the price was discussed. Verification is the price of arms control at a time when the relevant missiles can be hidden in warehouses.

Remember that their SS-20 missiles can be driven about on trucks. Are they really going to carve up 440 of them? Not if they can get us to sign a treaty without strict compliance provisions. I mean, what are they going to do, cut them up with oxy-acetylene torches while Dan Rather and his television crew film the spectacle? *Four hundred and forty* missiles? Maybe they'll have at them with sledgehammers. What happens to the warheads? Or do the Russians move the missiles back into the Soviet Union and say, "Trust us—Paul Nitze does."

"None of this has been worked out," the man from the Arms Control Agency told me. The day before, April 19, James Reston had written a pathetic column for the *New York Times* praising George Shultz, "back from Moscow in Holy Week like an answer to the world's prayers for peace, speaking about a break in the tension and a realistic control of nuclear weapons."

Realistic control! My belief, I am told also shared by former assistant secretary of defense Richard Perle, is that the Soviet military brass in charge of rocket forces have enough political clout to ensure that their precious missiles don't get carved up no matter *what* Mikhail Gorbachev or the KGB says. And there is no way they will cut up 440 of theirs in return for 316 of ours. They may *say* they will, but if so you can be sure the verification provisions will have enough loopholes to permit cheating. Michael Krepon of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has already written an article for the *Washington Post* suggesting that "the best solution might be to supplement space surveillance with data exchanges and on-site sensors to monitor production rates outside plant gates." (In three words—trust the Russians.)

The opponents of U.S. disengagement from Europe should be able to make something of all this. If they haven't already done so by the time this sees print, I will be surprised.



MAKING OMELETS WITHOUT BREAKING EGGS

It's impossible. But many things once thought impossible have become routine through technological advance. For example, a great amount of progress is being made in new technologies to burn coal cleanly.

Since 1973, air pollution resulting from coal combustion has fallen considerably, even as America has turned increasingly to coal for electric power and other important energy needs. However, existing clean coal technologies—stack gas scrubbing and coal washing—are limited in their ability to meet future clean air requirements, because of cost and applicability. *Emerging new coal-use techniques will expand the number of options available to coal users—current and future.*

Clean coal technology is hundreds of advances in science and engineering along with the creativity to put them together into workable, affordable systems. Clean coal technology will allow America to use more coal in the future. Cleanly and economically.

Today, there are advanced coal utilization schemes of several kinds. Some will allow older coal-fired boilers to be rebuilt as cleaner, more efficient units. Other advances apply to coal-fired units that will be built in the future. Clean coal technology is more than a concept. Most of these new technologies already have been proved in laboratories and in pilot plants. *Now they are proving themselves in full-scale demonstration programs, the last step toward full commercialization.*

Commercial demonstration projects are moving at an exciting pace. American industry is investing large sums of money. In many cases, state and federal funds supplement this effort. Not all clean coal projects will succeed. But many will. And these will form the basis for our next generation of coal-fired power plants and industrial boilers, both new units and rebuilt older ones.

This investment of money and time is a sound one. The payoff in future environmental quality and economic vitality is great. Consolidation Coal is very proud of its involvement in these coal use technologies for the future. To learn more about this subject, write for our free booklet, "A Clean Coal Technology Primer." It won't help you make omelets, but it will tell you about some new ideas that are being hatched.

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Maybe we will have a treaty after all.

A recent book by Melvyn Krauss, *How NATO Weakens the West*, presents the incentivist case against continued U.S. subsidization of our allies. It has triggered a debate on NATO, with lengthily critical reviews in *Commentary*, the *New York Times Book Review*, *Policy Review*, and this magazine (February 1987). But liberal and leftist journals have taken no notice, suggesting that, as in the domestic economic realm in 1980, the relevant policy debate in the U.S. is still among supply-side, neoconservative, and traditionalist factions. (And as these people are mostly Republican, if only by default, I submit that the Republicans will once again win the presidential election in 1988, on the theory that the "party of ideas" wins.)

The point is that you can only really "debate" someone who shares basic assumptions with you. The premise shared by those who support or disagree with Krauss, no matter how vehemently, is that the Soviet Union is a real threat, and how we defend against it is a matter of importance. The liberal-left can hardly be expected to join in this debate, because their attitude toward the Soviet Union, whether they know it or not, is apologist rather than cautionary; and toward their own country accusatory.

Liberals today, defined as those who believe (for example) that SDI should be shelved, tax rates increased, affirmative action extended, abortion subsidized, and preachers ridiculed (except those who have already adopted the progressive agenda), recognize the strong taxonomic resemblance between themselves and the heirs of Lenin. You can hardly expect them to be worrying about how to defend against the Soviets when they see the real threat to the world as emanating from: corporate greed, unjust income disparities, the Pentagon, pollution, the death penalty, and "discrimination" against various legally privileged groups.

Having said that on behalf of Krauss's critics, I should stress they make the fundamental error of assuming that alliance depends on subsidy, as though a country will only be our friend as long as it is in our debt. Nothing could be further from the truth. I was always brought up to believe that if you want to keep a friend it's better not to lend him money. I remember Malcolm Muggeridge once saying that the Americans since World War II have lavished money on the world—and have been rewarded by anti-Americanism.

On this theory I would predict rising anti-Americanism in Israel, considering the rapidly increasing aid we have given them in the last decade. Egypt is another country where we should be on the lookout for a rising tide of aid-inspired anti-Americanism. It's something to think about, surely, for those who believe that alliance depends on subsidy.

Krauss recently suggested giving the Pershings to the Europeans: let *them* negotiate them away—or keep them. "Skeptics may wonder," he writes, "can the U.S. really give nuclear weapons to West Germany?" He suggests that West Germany's "period of rehabilitation has come to a close." I agree, and I think that an unstated but continuing distrust of Germans has been much overlooked in this debate. At Columbia University a few months ago, Eugene Rostow noted in a debate with Kristol that "we fought two world wars to prevent Europe from being unified under German control." Was it really in our interest to have a Europe "so independent and so nuclear"? And reviewing Krauss's book in *Parameters* (U.S. Army War College journal), Colonel Henry Gold asks: "Who in Europe would be happy with a bigger *Bundeswehr* or a nuclear armed Germany?"

Lots of people, colonel. It's time to stop fighting the last war. □

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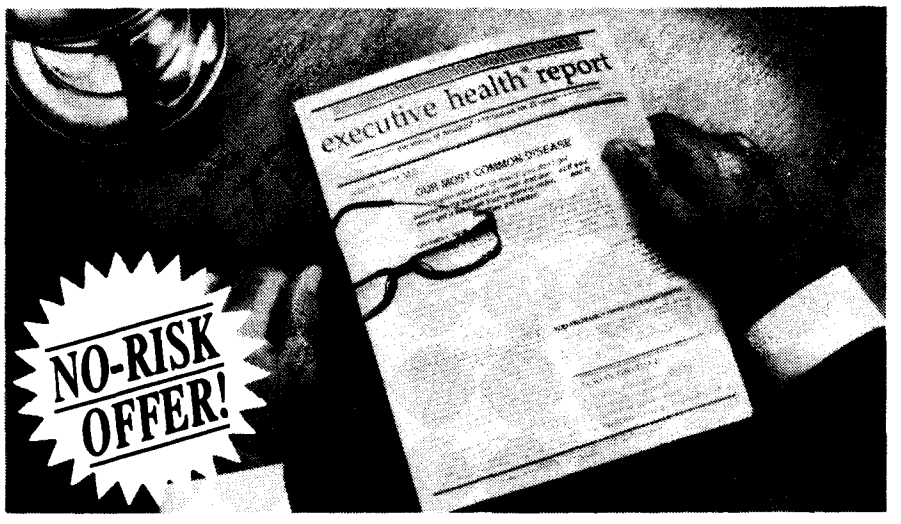

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Irwin M. Stelzer

THE TRUTH ABOUT TAKEOVERS

. . . and the beauty of junk bonds.

It has now been a full year since Dennis Levine decided to confess to the SEC about his insider trading activities, and about eight months since Ivan Boesky agreed to plead guilty to a variety of charges, and pay a $100 million fine. In between and since, other heads have rolled, with still more charges and arrests likely.

Despite the fact that these widely publicized arrests (who can resist a story about a tearful millionaire broker being dragged from his office in pin stripes and handcuffs?) created a public and congressional atmosphere not exactly favorable to the business community, the establishment leadership of America's corporations was delighted. Leaders of the National Association of Manufacturers and the Business Roundtable, long opposed to hostile takeovers, trooped to Washington to appear before their new allies, Senators Metzenbaum and Proxmire. Takeovers, testified the chairman of Schering-Plough, are "a sickness we must all work together to cure."

Not only must hostile takeovers be stopped, the leaders of corporate America contend, but the use of so-called junk bonds must be curtailed. "We are witnessing a real-life Monopoly game, still played with paper, but now called junk bonds," the chairman of Household International told the Senate Banking Committee. Only acquirers able to line up 100 percent of their financing before making a bid should be allowed to play the game, USX's chairman added, concluding in a tone that must have warmed populist hearts on the committee, "We need to find a way to eliminate the extravagant profiteering by the financial speculators, . . . takeover specialists, arbitragers, investment bankers and lawyers . . ."

The corporate establishment's effort to use the insider trading scandals as a lever to obtain anti-takeover legislation is understandable: they want to protect their jobs, perquisites, and easy lives. Certainly, there is little logic to their position. The recent arrests seem to show that the newly beefed-up and computerized surveillance systems are working well, catching the crooks. Supplemented by tighter internal controls on the number of people in each firm with access to sensitive information, and by the deterring effect of stiff sentences, the current system can be made sufficiently effective to keep violations of the law to a minimum.

Furthermore, takeovers have enormously and quite properly enriched shareholders. True, a few crooks have appropriated confidential information about such takeovers and used it to skim some of the profits. But to make takeovers more difficult would be to deprive shareholders of enormous legitimate profits in order to deprive insider traders of much smaller gains. This would be like closing the banks in order to foil an occasional robbery.

So the insider trading cases are not the real source of American business's discontent. That unhappiness springs from fear—terror—that a free market in companies will increase shareholders' ability to jettison nonperforming managers. Because managers are often beyond the control of widely dispersed shareholders, they have little incentive to maximize the return earned on the assets under their supervision. Lower earnings, corporate jets, and a quiet life seem to them a more desirable combination than the pressured existence of a profit-maximizer.

Enter the takeover artists, Boone Pickens, Lord Hanson, et al. Sensing that a company is not performing up to its potential, they seek control, with a view towards improving earnings of the target company, or selling off its constituent parts at prices that, in aggregate, exceed the pre-merger market value of the company as a whole. The very existence of these "predators," now backed by performance-oriented institutional investors and investment bankers prepared to market billions of dollars of so-called junk bonds, causes managers to work harder to increase returns to shareholders who, after all, own the company.

Enter also the LBO—the leveraged buy-out. This is a technique whereby the managers of some underperforming division of a conglomerate buy that business, using borrowed money to finance their acquisition. About two-thirds of the approximately 300 LBO's announced in 1986 were just such transactions: division managers, often mortgaging their homes to raise their share of the needed capital, buying divisions of companies and thus acquiring a direct stake in improving the efficiency of these businesses.

Takeovers and LBO's rely heavily on "junk bonds," which explains corporate America's opposition to these debt instruments. These bonds have been attacked as "the peril behind the takeover boom," creating a "casino society" and an over-leveraged business community susceptible to collapse at the first sign of recession. This is nonsense. Junk bonds are not typically securities of companies that have fallen on hard times, although there are some such. Rather, they are generally IOU's of companies too small or too new to receive a technical "investment grade rating" by rating agencies.

As Drexel Burnham Lambert, the leading vendor of these securities, has pointed out: "Over 95 percent of all U.S. corporations with assets of more than $25 million, if they were to apply for a bond rating, would be rated below

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investment grade." This rating would be due to small size or lack of credit history, not to a lack of prospects. Indeed, these companies are often the most rapidly growing and innovative, and have been responsible for most of the new jobs created in America in the past decade. Long ignored by underwriters, they were forced to borrow from commercial banks, often at high rates. Junk bonds gave them a competitive alternative to the banks, prompting the latter to join their establishment brethren in the industrial sector in seeking restrictions on the use of such debt instruments.

Of course these newer, smaller firms must pay higher interest rates to borrow money than do older firms, since the danger of default is greater. But the risk of default has been more than offset by higher yields, leading most students of finance to conclude that net returns on junk bonds, after allowing for defaults, have been "very impressive." Morgan Stanley, in a 1985 study, found that the default rate on these bonds averaged 1.6 percent annually, about in line with the historic default rates for all corporate debt. And the 1986 junk bond default rate of 3 percent is still comfortably in line with the risk premium paid on these bonds.

Not only has the default rate been only a bit higher than blue chip bonds, and no higher than that on ordinary commercial loans made by banks, but it has had minimal effect because most of these bonds are held in large, diversified portfolios, by sophisticated professionals, quite capable of refusing to buy unattractive issues—witness the difficulties faced by Carl Icahn in refinancing TWA, by Ted Turner in raising money for his takeover of MGM-UA Entertainment Company, and by the managers of the retailer Macy's in obtaining funds for their eventually successful buy-out of that company.

So opposition to junk bonds is not based on fiscal prudence. It stems from banks' desire to eliminate a competitive source of borrowed funds, and establishment industrialists' desire to reduce threats to their jobs, and to make it more difficult for new competitors to obtain financing.

Before junk bonds became popular, notes the Federal Trade Commission, only large companies could play the takeover game. Restricting their use would "tilt the balance of power in favor of embattled target managements . . . and hamper the market forces that lead to the replacement of poor managements and the breaking up of inefficiently large or diversified companies."

Fortunately, opposition to takeovers and to junk bond financing is likely to prove ineffective in stopping efficiency-inducing takeovers. Despite the insider trading scandals, dealmakers—the U.S. equivalent of Gorbachev's less successful restructurers—continue to buy up and reorganize America's corporations. The value of such deals in 1986 almost reached 1985's record, according to *Fortune*. And on one day earlier this year, five major takeovers were announced, the largest being Chrysler's $1.5 billion proposed acquisition of American Motors Corporation.

To make takeovers more difficult would be to deprive shareholders of enormous legitimate profits in order to deprive insider traders of much smaller gains.

While less overtly hostile than some of the big deals of 1985 and earlier years, these takeovers reflect the fact that the basic conditions prompting the restructuring of America's corporations are unchanged. The first of these is the failure of many managements to slim down their conglomerates, and to concentrate on businesses they understand.

When this slothful behavior forces the prices of their companies' stocks to fall below the value of the underlying assets, investors are saying that, in their view, those assets are worth more in the hands of other managers. This has provided and will continue to provide the Pickenses, Goldsmiths, Icahns, Hansons, and Perelmans with their opportunities. They can offer shareholders a premium for their stock, sell off portions of the companies to investors or managers who can run them better, and install their own teams to manage the core businesses more efficiently.

This was true before Levine and Boesky came to Wall Street and will remain true long after their departures, unless the business establishment cons Congress into passing anti-takeover legislation.

In the long run, these "corporacies" will continue to attract buyers who can more efficiently deploy their assets. The raiders will have little difficulty financing their takeovers and restructuring. Drexel Burnham Lambert did not successfully market billions of dollars of high-yield bonds only because its star, Michael Milken, is a super salesman. It succeeded because investors know a good thing when they see one: the return on these junk bonds is attractive even in light of their higher risk.

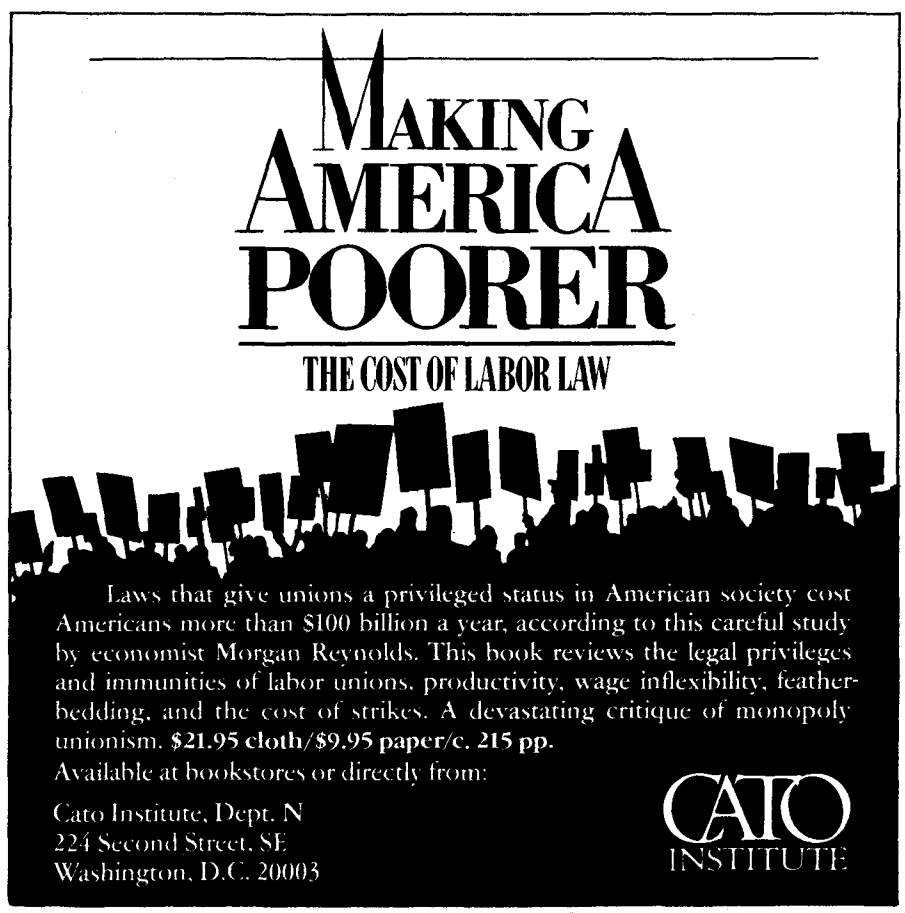
If Drexel does run into serious trouble with the Securities and Exchange Commission, First Boston and others will be delighted to increase their share of this lucrative market. Investors, aware that the default rate on these bonds has been more than offset by their attractive yields, and that risk can be diversified by holding a portfolio of these bonds, will continue to snap them up.

This leaves disinterested observers with two worries. The high levels of debt borne by the acquired companies may, they fear, cause those firms to concentrate on the short run. And it may make them more vulnerable to a business downturn.

Neither should be a serious concern. Shareholders are quite capable of taking the long view—witness the fancy prices they pay for the stocks of biotechnology and other high-tech companies.

They know that corporate debt is made to seem artificially high by the fact that it is stated in current dollars, while the value of assets such as plant and equipment is stated in historic pre-inflation dollars. Put them on a comparable basis, give appropriate weight to cash flow and earnings, and the apparently burdensome debt often becomes manageable. As Emory University's William Carney has pointed out, "Measured as a percentage of net worth, based on the replacement cost of assets, corporate debt at the end of 1984 was less than 60 percent of net worth—about where it was in 1958." All of this should make the strange new political alignments understandable. The supposedly conservative Republican administration has attacked entrenched managements. Richard Darman, who recently stepped down as deputy secretary of the Treasury, has called these businessmen "bloated, risk-averse, inefficient and unimaginative." Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige blames a good part of America's trade deficit on the corporate establishment. "There is no one to blame," he says, "but American management—not labor, not government, but management." These critics of entrenched managers—they can only be found on the golf courses in the afternoons, according to Darman—want managers to remain under the raiders' pressure to perform or perish.

Supposedly liberal Democrats, on the other hand, are now siding with the business establishment. Senators Metzenbaum, chairman of the Antitrust Subcommittee, and Proxmire, chairman of the Banking Committee, are working with the Business Roundtable and the NAM to develop legislation to make hostile takeovers harder. For the sake of economic efficiency, let's hope these strange new bedfellows fail to consummate their marriage, or to produce legislation to permit corporate bureaucracies to resume the lush life of pre-raider days. □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PEOPLE FOR THE TELEVISED WAY

Norman Lear is proud to be an American.

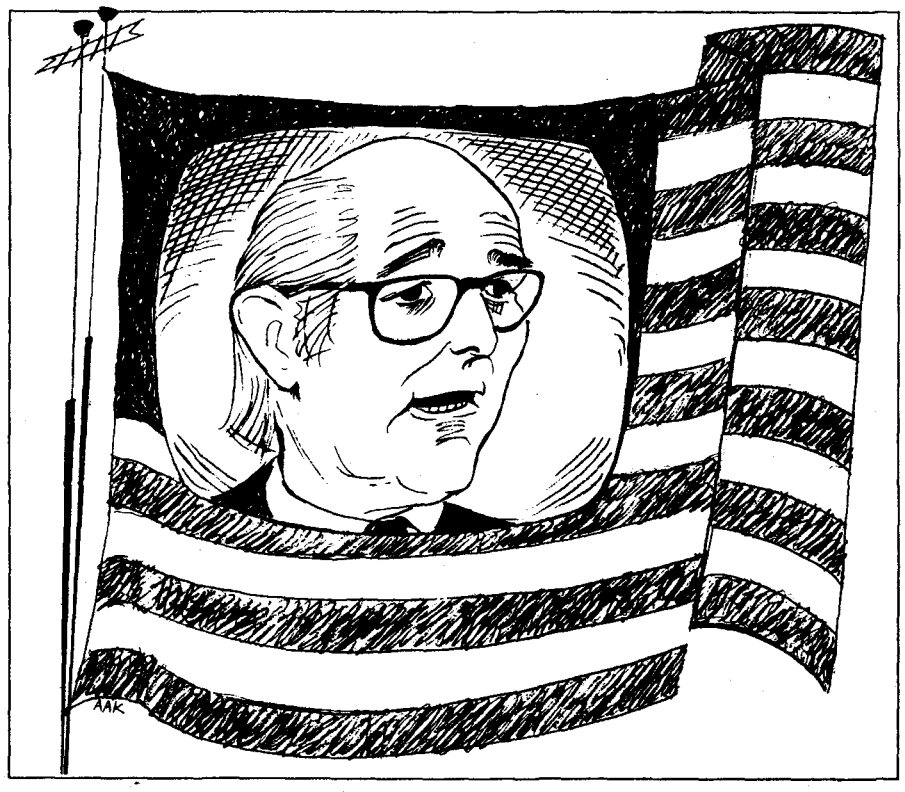
Because the television commercial is the single most voluminous form of public communication today, it was inevitable that Americans would accommodate themselves to the philosophy of television commercials.
—Neil Postman,
Amusing Ourselves to Death

In 1980 a 60-second commercial featuring a burly forklift operator aired on television stations in New York and Washington; he was disturbed, he said, by certain television preachers who expounded a "Christian position on political issues." The spot was the creation of television producer Norman Lear—progenitor of such '70s network standbys as "All in the Family," "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," and "Maude." Lear said he had been shocked into action after watching 100 hours of Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson while researching a movie about TV preachers (which has yet to be made). Within days 12,000 frightened citizens had phoned the 800 number that was flashed on the screen, and soon after Lear assembled an organization known as People for the American Way.

During six thin years in Washington for liberal advocacy groups, People for the American Way has been the high-profile, high-growth exception. Today the group has a membership of 250,000 and an annual budget of over $8 million—matching that of the conservative groups it was meant to combat. When Jerry Falwell announced last year that the Moral Majority would be renamed the Liberty Federation, the strongest factor in his decision was the negative connotations the name Moral Majority had in the public mind. And the greatest source of those associations was People for the American Way.

Initially envisioned as a response to the Moral Majority, People For has branched out to such areas as textbook censorship, freedom of information, and judicial selection, harrying the Reagan Administration at every flank. People For traces its lineage through the historic struggle between enlightenment and intolerance: "Throughout American history groups and individuals who threaten liberty have surfaced periodically," a People For brochure declares. "In the 1840s it was the 'Know Nothings,' in the 1860s it was the Successionists, and the early 1950s is known as the 'McCarthy Era.'" In the 1980s, the brochure continues, it is left to People For to roll back the forces that threaten Americans' cherished liberties. From its office in northwest Washington, the group monitors the every utterance of televangelists and tracks the proliferation of right-wing cause groups. People For investigators probe for illicit or scandalous ties between Administration officials and the religious right. And a network of activist members keeps tabs on censorship cases across the land.

But People For's greatest strength is its knack for summoning up squalls of print and television coverage sympathetic to the positions it takes. "Because I was a creature of television it occurred to me only to answer in that media," says Lear. He chose to buy time in Washington since "I knew that the nightly news shows—Rather and Jennings—would have to cover it and we'd get free air time." The group has won the right to respond to Jimmy Swaggart and to Robertson's "700 Club" by using the Fairness Doctrine and sought to deprive both Robertson and Falwell of their tax exempt status. (A coalition of religious right groups is reportedly exploring a similar move against People For.) Increasingly, media coverage of the religious right and Edwin Meese's Justice Department has come to bear the People For imprint, with reporters from *Newsweek* to the MacNeil-Lehrer show relying on the group for their information. Howard Kurtz, who covers the Justice Department for the *Washington Post*, says that he's found People For to be "a good source of news. They're one of the slickest, most media-oriented groups around. They view their mission in life to get publicity." While Kurtz says he double-checks all information, his coverage of judicial nominations last summer often mirrored the concerns expressed in People For briefing papers.



The conventional wisdom among leftish political commentators holds that Ronald Reagan's presidency is, in some meaningful sense, the unique product of the age of television. Reagan, the theory holds, represents an ideology that is driven by images and emotion rather than logic. Television, the medium of the perpetual present, allows Reagan to distort history, play havoc with the facts, ignore sequential logic and still come off as convincing, even sincere. As a result, the argument goes, politics during the Reagan era have been dominated by visual affect and outrageous metaphor, to the detriment of sound policy and, of late, even legality.

More than any other group, People for the American Way has sought to bring liberalism into the age of video. The staff churns out over sixty op-eds a year and places its speakers and opinions on a stable of radio and television shows. Background papers are sent out to a network of 1700 newspapers and 300 radio shows, producing "investigative" stories for reporters too busy to investigate on their own. The group has a genius for creating dramatic figures of evil (raving fundamentalist fuhrers; squinty-eyed, hog-jowled Ed Meese) and easily swallowed political ideals (tolerance, freedom, "the American Way"). While conservatives like to refer to them as "leftists," People For has made a conscious effort to secure the middle ground. The staff includes both Republicans and Democrats, and the ideals it purports to hold are

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ones that no one could disagree with.

One case study of how People For operates concerns the issue of judicial nominations—selected by People For's directors as a target in January 1985. At the time, Senate approval of Reagan candidates for federal district courts was almost routine, opposed by a few low-key groups like the Judicial Selection Project and the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights but attracting little attention in the press. "When we started to look into judgeships we were told by the political community on the Hill and the press that no one cared who filled these seats on the bench. That it couldn't possibly become an issue," recalls People For director Anthony Podesta.

Sitting in a spacious office, beneath a gilt wooden eagle, Podesta spits out his responses in ten-second sound bites—honed during countless appearances on the evening news. Before joining People For, Podesta did public relations work for Ted Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy, and the Machinists Union. "I've spent a lot of time thinking about how you shape the news," he says. Throughout 1985 the group began to dig into the process by which judges were being chosen and discovered that hard-right senators Jesse Helms and the late John East were screening candidates on abortion and civil-rights decisions before they were even officially nominated. "Essentially the Administration had decided that the quality of judges didn't matter; ideology was the only issue," Podesta says. "Reagan was trying to accomplish through the courts what he couldn't do in Congress."

People For found an opening when the Reagan Administration chose to nominate Daniel Manion, a conservative state senator from Indiana with negligible experience in constitutional law, to the 7th Circuit Court of Appeals. Researcher Ricki Seidman flew out to Chicago where the collected papers of Manion's father Clarence, a founder of the John Birch Society, were stored at the Chicago Historical Society. "There were 120 boxes full of stuff and I had only a few days to go through it," Seidman says. "Then I found a letter written when his father died where Manion endorsed the Birch Society as being 'on the front line of the fight for Constitutional freedom.'" In Indiana, Seidman discovered that Manion had sponsored a bill to teach creationism in the schools and another to post the Ten Commandments in classrooms—despite the fact that a similar statute had recently been struck down by the Supreme Court. Upon returning to Washington, Seidman sent an 18-page report to members of the Senate Judiciary Committee that detailed the questionable elements in Manion's record and called for a second hearing.

To make an apparently arcane issue sexy, People For produced TV spots comparing judicial appointments to jury selection, a process with which most voters are familiar. In one ad, Lloyd Bridges notes that "if you're called for jury duty, and they find out you've already made up your mind about the case . . . you're disqualified." So ought to be the case with judicial selection, Bridges implied, finishing with a rhetorical "Isn't that the American way?" The contrast with previous efforts by individual senators to block J. Harvey Wilkerson (4th Circuit Court of Appeals) and Alex Kozinski (9th Circuit Court of Appeals) was striking, according to Senate staffers. Driven by a $190,000 People For advertising campaign, letters poured into Senate offices and Manion's confirmation was suddenly worthy of front page coverage. Rather than a pro forma approval, the issue became a bitterly fought referendum on the Administration's judicial philosophy. Eventually, Manion was confirmed by a 49-49 vote before the full Senate on July 23, but at a tremendous political cost to the Administration. "A common refrain on the Hill, even among Republicans, is 'No more Manions,'" Podesta says.

People For's greatest strength is its knack for summoning up squalls of print and television coverage sympathetic to the positions it takes.

Though Manion now sits on the bench, his confirmation was an impressive display of People For's ability to focus public attention swiftly and sharply. Much of this power results from People For's success in adopting the techniques of electronic politics honed by the New Right. Traditionally liberal advocacy groups have either relied on a small number of wealthy donors or engaged in exhausting house-to-house canvassing to finance their Washington office. But under the direction of Arthur Kropp, who was trained in direct mail techniques at the Republican National Committee, direct mail donations have come to make up 70 percent of the People For budget, with an average contribution of $25. The group's mailings feature surveys, "time-dated" material, and reports of the latest evangelical outrages gleaned from hours of television watching. The edge-of-the-apocalypse tone and the villainizing of right-wing leaders mirrors the tactics of the enemy. Jerry Falwell, the mailings say, is a "dangerous extremist" seeking to subvert the schools, the courts, and the federal government. Norman Lear, the Moral Majority's missives reply, is a deceitful "anti-Christian bigot" who pipes "sexual perversion into our living rooms."

People For uses mailing lists from Brooks Brothers, TWA Ambassador Club, and high-ticket catalogues, as well as more political sources. People For contributors fit the yuppie profile quite nicely: 39 percent are professionals, 70 percent have a college degree, and 35 percent make over $50,000. A letter signed by Kropp even was sent to "cream Republicans," warning them about the religious right's effort to take over the party of country clubbers. Kropp, who has the hand-shaking manner and bland good looks of a hundred Washington fundraisers, joined People For when he realized that "the formerly lunatic right now increasingly defined what it meant to be a Republican." The organization's latest fundraising scheme is to create a video network using a taped version of "The People For Story." By this month, over 100,000 copies of the tape will have been distributed to members who are each supposed to invite ten neighbors to watch it on the VCR to build the base of support. Eventually new tapes may be distributed regularly as issues arise. "The best thing that could happen to us is if Pat Robertson's campaign takes off," says Kropp. "That would be good for another 100,000 members."

While People For's video orientation has filled its coffers and permits it to call down showers of mail on selected congressmen, it has also had a certain cost in the sophistication of its arguments. As Neil Postman writes in his work on the epistemology of television, "the commercial disdains exposition, for that takes time and invites argument. It is a very bad commercial indeed that engages the viewer in wondering about the validity of the point being made." Past producers of People For ads include Joe Rothstein and Tony Schwartz, creator of the 1964 "daisy petal" advertisement smearing Barry Goldwater as the Armageddon candidate. In Podesta's words, "I won't claim that direct mail doesn't simplify and even exaggerate. A newspaper ad always says less than a newsletter, which says less than a position paper."

People For mailings are littered with words like "extremist" and "ultra-fundamentalist" whose purpose is less to elucidate arguments than to disqualify their targets from participating in the political process. An example of this technique was the paper "Pat Robertson: Extremist" and accompanying clips from Robertson's "700 Club" that People For distributed when Pat announced his candidacy last August. The report reeled through Robertson's statements about Social Security (should be dismantled), the Federal Reserve (possibly unconstitutional), and state laws (shouldn't be subject to the Supreme Court). But rather than deal with the substance of his views—some of which are highly defensible—the paper simply labeled them as "outside of the political mainstream." People For's list of "Election Guidelines," which proscribe candidates from "claiming divine or scriptural sanction for their views on controversial public issues," are simply absurd when applied to a Pentecostal like Robertson, who believes God advises him about even the most trivial issues of his daily life. People For's briefing paper also mocked Robertson for believing that his prayers turned Hurricane Gloria away from CNN's Virginia Beach headquarters, which is a bit like ridiculing an Orthodox Jew for refusing to throw a light switch on the Sabbath. To the secular mind, each belief seems equally ludicrous; but to disparage either is hardly to strike a blow for "tolerance."

Unfortunately, People For's depiction of the Christian right as alternately a collection of pathetic ignoramuses or a dangerous and monolithic conspiracy has increasingly set the standard for coverage throughout the elite press. The press coverage of the "Scopes II" textbook case in Tennessee exhibited little more sympathy for freakish Vicky Frost than H. L. Mencken and the Northern journalists of the 1920s showed for her forebears. People For's exposé of the New Right, entitled "Life and Liberty . . . For All Who Believe," exemplifies this trend. The documentary, produced by veteran filmmaker Sherry Jones, lumps together New Right leaders Paul Weyrich and Howard Phillips, televangelists like Falwell and Robertson, and book burners in Maryland. While many of these leaders are shown to have been occasionally impolitic (Weyrich: "Ultimately everything can be reduced to a question of right or wrong"; Falwell: "Why do we have to compromise to please anybody?"), the portrait of the movement lacks any shading or gradation. We are not told that Weyrich is Catholic, or that Phillips is Jewish; each is reduced to a shadowy "they." Alternating shots of televangelists and the Berlin book burning of 1932 complete the crude historical analogy.

The danger of matching the hyper-

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bole of the right with that of the secular left is that it erodes an already tenuous ground for understanding, further polarizing a divided political discourse. (Lear himself has refused to debate Falwell on numerous occasions, on the grounds that "it would risk trivializing the issues.") To watch People For's videos on the Christian right and Christian Voice's video on People For in quick succession is an unnerving experience. Both advance political ideals that few could disagree with and share television's conceit of giving you the big picture even as it selects and distorts and obscures the issues. Unwittingly, perhaps, People For have contributed to a phenomenon they refer to as "Moral McCarthyism." "We're not opposed to religious people participating in politics," says Podesta. "But when they say that they speak for the Bible, or that their opponents are in league with Satan, it suggests that the other side is not wrong, but somehow illegitimate." Yet this is precisely the tone of People For's analysis of the religious right, which disqualifies rather than contests the views they oppose.

In addition to downplaying diversity in the right, People For's publications evince no desire to understand the roots of fundamentalism, much of which is a reaction to the hedonistic, amoral world that was being broadcast to American homes on Lear's prime-time television. Video preachers like Robertson, Swaggart, James Robinson, and Falwell have been able to attract millions of followers and build their multi-million dollar empires because those they preach to are profoundly alienated from the values of the surrounding society. And the fundamentalists' belligerence and insularity are a product of perceived weakness, not of strength. But by depriving them of any context or motivation, People For's videos render the fundamentalists' statements completely irrational.

This antagonistic attitude would be forgivable if People For didn't have the pretense of being a "neutral referee" in all matters of Church and State. For example, the group has singled out Christian Voice, whose scorecards rating congressional candidates on abortion and anti-Communism reach millions of followers, as an improper admixture of religion and politics. But Christian Voice is one of hundreds of Washington groups that rate candidates, and liberal clergymen are as likely to find scriptural justification for their views as Christian Voice is. According to Christian Voice chairman Robert Grant, "the scorecard is pure and simple voter education material about issues that conservative Christians are concerned about. We don't claim to speak for all Christians; before we were around the only Christian voices were those, like the National Council of Churches, on the left." And each scorecard even includes a disclaimer that it is not "intended . . . to be a statistical judgment of a person's moral behavior or relationship with God." Rather than stepping beyond the constraints of the political process, the scorecards represent the evangelicals' desire to get into the game.

People For's tactics have cost it support among some religious leaders. An editorial in the liberal Catholic magazine *Commonweal* characterized Lear as being "to politics much what Jerry Falwell is to theology. They are both television preachers with a natural capacity for packaging the pieties of their separate worlds." Msgr. George Higgins, of Washington's Catholic University, resigned from People For's board of directors in 1982 after viewing "Life and Liberty." "It is counterproductive . . . for groups like PAW to retaliate against new right extremism with its own form of extremist propaganda," Higgins wrote in his letter of resignation.

However, as the Reagan era draws to a close, People For may be maturing as well. Its work in judicial confirmation was marked by a more measured tone and greater intellectual depth than its assaults on the religious right. Just as conservatism has begun to establish itself as an intellectual as well as a political force in Washington, People For will have to substitute guile for fervor if it wants to remain politically relevant. There are also signs that People For may be broadening its understanding of "tolerance" as it applies to religion. A recent editorial by Podesta in the *Wall Street Journal*, for example, upbraided textbook publishers for avoiding all references to religion in American history textbooks. Out of fear of offending special interest groups, the texts seriously distorted the importance of religion in the New World, he said. Podesta's planned departure in May 1988 may also reduce the group's allegiance to the left wing of the Democratic party.

More significantly, both Lear and his foes seem to be reassessing the impact that television has had on the stability of the values they advocate. William Lind, in a widely touted article on "cultural conservatism" published by Paul Weyrich, worries about "the effect of television, not only in preaching instant gratification and materialism, but perhaps even more in its essence as a non-responsive medium." It is a concern that is echoed by Lear's assertion that "America has become a game show," in which concern for the commonweal has been supplanted by a "Common*wheel* of fortune." Just as it is reasonable to ask what remains of a faith that has been filtered through a cathode tube, it is uncertain how long liberal political values can survive in a marketplace of instant gratification.

For all its excesses People for the American Way has succeeded in demonstrating that populism need not be equated with Reaganism. "Our strategy has not been to rely on elite remedies but to be willing to go through the democratic process," says Podesta. "Norman is originally from New Haven and I'm from the 39th Ward of Chicago. We always make our argument to the people in the 39th Ward. If this stuff isn't comprehensible to them then we've failed in our mission." If this is People For's mission, it has certainly succeeded. The costs of this success have yet to be assessed. □

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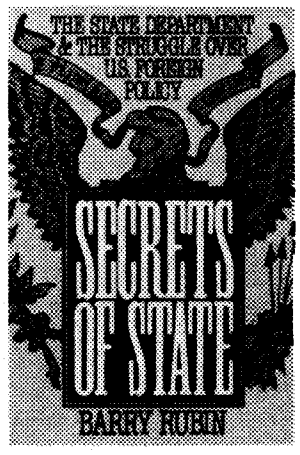

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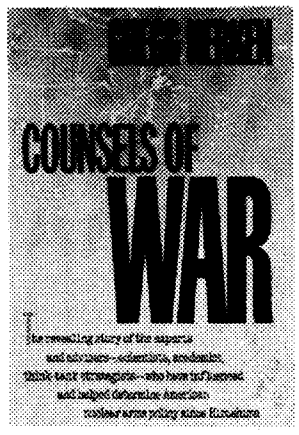

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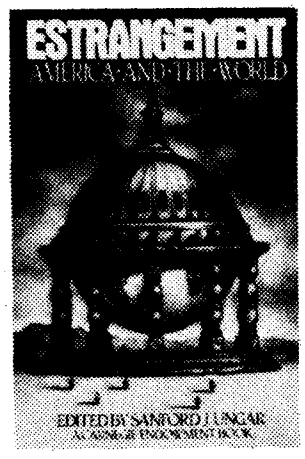

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Micah Morrison

POLLARD AND DEMJANJUK IN THE JEWISH MIND

The day the sky fell on U.S.-Israeli relations.

Milan Kundera called Israel "the true heart of Europe, a heart strangely located outside the body." In a Jerusalem courtroom—in the heart of the heart of the strange country—Israelis are digging again in the graveyard of unrestful obsession. The immediate subject is a Ukrainian-born former American, a man once sympathetically described by a friend as a "peasant with a third-grade education, a nobody." Bald, with a thick strong neck and powerful hands, with cool eyes and a detached, almost arrogant manner, he bears much too close a resemblance to a Nazi thug, Hollywood version. A decade of federal investigations and court battles recently ended with the revocation of his U.S. citizenship and deportation, and John Demjanjuk now shows little emotion as the prosecution attempts to prove that he is the concentration camp guard known as Ivan *Grozny*, Ivan the Terrible. The charges are not nobody charges: crimes against the Jewish people; crimes against humanity; war crimes; complicity in the murder of 850,000 Jews in the death camp Treblinka.

At first, it was thought in Israel that the trial would attract little attention. Public figures worried about a new generation grown apathetic and cynical. Israelis were "at a stage beyond catharsis and uneager to look again into the pits of hell," noted a local reporter on the morning of the trial's opening session. But Gehenna itself is an invention of the Hebrews, born in the valleys around ancient Jerusalem, and by the end of the first day no seat in the courtroom was empty. For those turned away from the court, the proceedings went live to television sets in a nearby hall, and went live by radio to the country: bus drivers tuned in; children discussed the case in class. Outside the court, lines formed in the Jerusalem dawn. The trial became "nothing less than an obsession for many Israelis," reported the *New York Times*, became "the background noise of Israeli society."

The key question in the trial is one of identity. Is the retired automobile worker from Cleveland actually Ivan the Terrible? Mr. Demjanjuk denies it. After four decades, can the memory of the witnesses be relied on? What about reports that Ivan was killed in a Treblinka revolt in 1943? A further complication: a central piece of evidence, purportedly Mr. Demjanjuk's old ID card, was provided by the Soviet Union. Can the Soviets be trusted, or are they fishing in troubled waters, using a forged card to hang Mr. Demjanjuk, undermine the strongly anti-Communist American-Ukrainian community, and cow Ukrainian nationalists back in the USSR? And why does the Soviet-supplied card give Ivan's height as 5 feet 9, when Mr. Demjanjuk is 6 feet 1? In the presence of the three somber black-robed judges—in the presence, many feel, of history—the survivors of Treblinka seem to have no doubt that Mr. Demjanjuk is Ivan. "I would recognize him," said one, "if they dug him out of the grave."

Soon, the Demjanjuk trial was competing for space in the Israeli media with fresh developments in the Pollard spy case and the Iran-contra affair. Mr. Demjanjuk is on trial for his life in Jerusalem. In the U.S., Jonathan Pollard, who is Jewish and a self-proclaimed Zionist, was sentenced to life in prison for using his post as a Navy intelligence analyst to commit repeated acts of espionage on behalf of Israel; his wife received a five-year sentence for related activities. At just about the same time, the Tower Commission released its report, parts of which detailed deep Israeli involvement in the transfer of arms to Iran and money to contra-connected bank accounts. Of course, the magnitude of the crimes with which Mr. Demjanjuk has been charged is far greater than that of the crimes Mr. Pollard went to jail for. Mr. Demjanjuk is charged with taking part in the systematic murder of 850,000 human beings; Mr. Pollard has merely, by comparison, betrayed his country.

Yet there may be a sense in which the two men embrace in the Jewish mind—in the Israeli mind, and in a similar but not identical way, in the American Jewish mind. The issues surrounding both men touch on Jewish fears, Jewish nightmares, and they have evoked different responses from Jews in the U.S. and Israel. The responses—to, particularly, Mr. Demjanjuk's trial and Mr. Pollard's sentencing—may indicate approaching divergences in the heretofore largely parallel paths of Israel and American Jewry.

In the United States, the case of Mr. Demjanjuk has not resonated as widely as that of Mr. Pollard. Commenting on the Demjanjuk trial, *New Republic* literary editor Leon Wieseltier wrote that it "is pointless, at this late date, to worry about an absence of awareness of the Holocaust. What art could not accomplish, television did. The Holocaust is famous. It is frantically remembered. But as what? That is a problem that must now trouble the custodians of memory." In Mr. Wieseltier's view, the trial may demonstrate that Nazi evil was all too human, and not centrally a case of the Eichmannesque impersonality of a machine built to serve Hitler's modern industrial state. *National Review* took liberal columnist Richard Cohen to task for prejudging the outcome of the trial in his *Washington Post* column by citing Mr. Demjanjuk's "larger historical function," thus throwing scruples about civil liberties to the winds; the magazine also expressed concern about Soviet intentions in providing evidence against Mr. Demjanjuk. Pat Buchanan, Mr. Demjanjuk's most prominent defender, echoed these concerns in the *New York Times*, adding that it was "just not credible" that the family man from Cleveland could have done all those horrible things as a twenty-two-year-old youth. U.S. television coverage of the Demjanjuk trial was dutiful, but

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it could not be said that the proceedings gripped the nation.

Though Mr. Demjanjuk's situation was largely relegated to the wings in the U.S., the case of Mr. Pollard stepped, for some weeks, to the center of the American media stage. Jerusalem had continued to maintain the fiction that the Pollards' spying was an unsanctioned "rogue operation." Israel's leaders then compounded their blunders in the affair by promoting one of Mr. Pollard's handlers, Air Force Colonel Aviam Sella, just as Mr. Pollard received his life sentence. Even Israel's firmest friends in America gagged on that one. Condemnation came swift and hard—and mostly from American Jews.

"Jewish Americans feel doubly betrayed," wrote *New York Times* columnist William Safire in one of three March columns on the Pollard affair. "Most of us are offended first as Americans at the spectacle of having our foreign aid dollars used to buy U.S. secrets. We are betrayed again by the easy exploitation of Mr. Pollard's Zionism by Israeli spymasters blind to the immorality of inducement to treason and the consequences of getting caught. One of these consequences is the encouragement of anti-Semites who charge that Jews everywhere are at best afflicted with dual loyalty and at worst are agents of a vast fifth column."

New blood in anti-Semitism via the old charge of dual loyalty—a serious consequence indeed, and one that appeared to be at the center of Jewish concerns over the Pollard affair. "American Jewry is only now beginning to react to the case of Jonathan Jay Pollard," wrote the *Jewish Week* in March. "The early reactions range from horror that Israel could have done such a dastardly deed to fear that the rest of us will be viewed as Zionist spies." Many people "have a feeling of having been taken for a ride," the *Washington Post* commented in an editorial, "and that feeling could take forms the Israelis can't possibly want to see. They need to do something about it —and fast." Mr. Safire closed his second March column on Mr. Pollard by calling for Israeli "action": the Pollard affair was "Israel's greatest peacetime challenge" and Israel's leaders should "put patriotism first" and "resign."[1]

[1]On March 29, Colonel Sella resigned from his new job as commander of the Tel Nof Air Force Base, citing "the deterioration in Israeli-U.S. relations and my concern for relations between the two countries and for relations with U.S. Jewry." Israel's top leadership, as of this writing, has not followed Mr. Safire's prescription for patriotism.

The Pollard affair also opened the way for other attacks on Israel, some predictable, some not. One unpredictable attack—a significant one, from an Israeli perspective—came from Conservative Rabbi Jacob Neusner in the *Washington Post*. Rabbi Neusner spelled out a position that many American Jews appear to share to various degrees, but are reluctant to acknowledge. "It's time to say that America is a better place to be a Jew than Jerusalem. If there ever was a Promised Land we Jewish Americans are living in it." From Israel's point of view, this is a blow struck at the heart of the Zionist imperative of *aliyah* (immigration), a subject to which for the most part American Jewry has lent lip service and dollars, but little more. The American Jewish reluctance to move to Israel has tended to reinforce an Israeli view of Americans as generous and well-meaning, but spoiled and naive.

Mr. Demjanjuk is charged with taking part in the systematic murder of 850,000 human beings; Mr. Pollard has merely, by comparison, betrayed his country.

Rabbi Neusner's shrill preening in the pages of a national newspaper indicates a new low level in mutual misunderstanding. Israeli scholarship in Judaic studies, writes Rabbi Neusner, is "just a lot of dull-witted fact-mongering by third-rate academic politicians"; Israel is "a great place to visit"—"wonderful hotels, great scenery, first-rate tours" and oh those lovely Jerusalem sabbaths and "pilgrim festivals in Galilee"!—but forget about living there. Why, more "Israelis live in the U.S. than in Jerusalem," and "Israeli art and creative life have made only a slight impact on American Jews." Although some Israelis "tell American Jews that America, like the fleshpots of Egypt, is no place for a Jew—we're all going to die in the gas chambers, singing Christmas carols"—Rabbi Neusner thinks (and it is a safe bet that in this he is echoing the thinking of the vast majority of American Jewry) that "the Jews have built a Jewish life in America that can last." He concludes: "For American Jews—now Jewish Americans—the American dream has come true. I wonder how many Israelis think the Zionist one has come true, too."

From the beginning, Israeli reaction to the Pollard affair was both apologetic and defensive. The "serious stupidity" of running Mr. Pollard was acknowledged, though the general tone of public opinion before his sentencing was better expressed by an editorial in one of the country's largest newspapers, *Yediot Aharanot*: "Circles identified with the American Justice Department are using the Pollard affair to wage a campaign against Israel. . . . The Justice Department apparently doesn't know that which is known to the CIA, the State Department and the White House: the scope of past, present, and possibly future American spy activities in Israel." In other words, Why are they picking on us? Everybody spies on everybody else—what's the big deal? (As one Jewish American activist put it, "Those idiots in Jerusalem just shrugged it off.")

Sympathy for the Pollards, before their sentencing, did not run deep. It was a matter of national security. Mr. Pollard's handlers were famous for their actions in defense of the state. Somebody would cut a deal, the Pollards would spend a few years in jail at worst, and that would be that. All that changed when Mr. Pollard received his life sentence and a tearful Anne Pollard appeared on Israeli TV declaring her love for the Jewish state and her confusion at being abandoned by Israel. The abandonment of a Jew in trouble struck a chord. "The public," noted the newspaper *Ma'ariv*, "feels ill at ease about the way the Pollards were left in the lurch."

While the Israeli public was uneasy about the treatment of the Pollards and spontaneously began to collect money to help with the lawyers' bills, American and Israeli officials and intellectuals were lurching deeper into a morass of conflicting messages and mixed emotions. Israel, in the American view, was not being properly repentant. In response, noted *New York Times* Jerusalem bureau chief Thomas Friedman—first off the line with the new development in a March 10 dispatch—"a certain anti-American sentiment" was brewing in Israel. "It is directed both at American Jews and at the American government, in response to their pressures on Israel, to at least show contrition for the spying operation by punishing Israeli officials involved." Mr. Friedman cited a *Jerusalem Post* article by the liberal political theorist Shlomo Avineri. In the following weeks, the Avineri article would be the subject of widespread and often bitter comment.

American Jewish reaction to the Pollard case, Mr. Avineri wrote, evidences "a degree of nervousness, insecurity and even cringing on the part of the American Jewish community which runs counter to the conventional wisdom of American Jewry feeling free, secure and unmolested in an open and pluralistic society." One would expect, he noted, that in a free society no guilt by association would be presumed —that only Mr. Pollard would be held responsible for Mr. Pollard's actions. Yet when he heard "American Jews talking about being accused of 'dual loyalty,'" Mr. Avineri quite correctly asked, "Who, among non-Jews, has accused you of that? . . . Today, American Jewish leaders, by their protestations of over-zealous loyalty to the United States at a moment when nobody is really questioning it, are saying that America in the long run is no different from France or Germany."

Here, then, is another aspect of the affair that cuts deep at central concerns in the relationship of the Jewish communities in the U.S. and Israel. The anti-Semitic canard of dual loyalty is one aspect; the ambivalence of American Jews to Zionism's call for Jews to immigrate to Israel is another. A third aspect is the issue bluntly raised by Mr. Avineri: American Jews are not wholly secure in their identity and in their country. Mr. Avineri's thesis, ridiculed by most American Jews, is that the anxiety about being seen by non-Jewish Americans as not truly American

> is deep in your soul, and it is in the soul—and not in external circumstances—that *Galut* [Exile, Diaspora] resides. *Galut* is ambivalence, alienation, homelessness. When the going is good—when being Jewish and supporting Israel go together with waving the American flag—who would be as stupid as not to wish to have the best of both worlds? But when the going gets tough, then the test arrives of being accepted, of really being equal, of really being proud and not having to look over your shoulder. . . . And when the going got tough your leaders reacted like trembling Israelites in the *shtetl*, not like the proud and mighty citizens of a free democratic society. It is very easy to clamor at elegant wine and cheese parties for the freedom of Soviet Jews. But you too need to be freed from *Galut*, from the inner bond, from what [the early Zionist writer] Ahad Ha'am called "servitude within freedom." You too have to be emancipated from *Galut* and alienation; and for all its achievements and promise, America, it now appears, may not be your Promised Land.

"Preposterous and a little pernicious," responded the *New Republic*. "This is just a loftier version of Israeli condescension that is responsible for Israel's many recent mistakes." One Jewish American intellectual called the piece "lunatic." An official in one of the leading Jewish organizations in the U.S. noted that the Avineri article had been the subject of much discussion and condemnation from the day frag-

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ments of it first surfaced in the *Times*, and this itself "reveals a lot of insecurity on our part." A rumor circulated that Mr. Avineri published the piece because he was looking for a job in the hardline Shamir administration. Writing on the op-ed page of the *Times*, Suzanne Garment noted that for forty years American Jews have helped build a "stable, supportive [U.S.-Israel] relationship. . . . When American Jews condemn the Pollard affair so loudly, it is this accomplishment that they see threatened." Mrs. Garment concludes that somehow Mr. Avineri "missed this basic reality of American Jewish life."

Somebody is missing something, but just exactly what is being missed is hard to sort out. Clearly, American Jewish leaders did not (and do not) act "like trembling Israelites in the *shtetl*" when the going got tough. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that two millennia of Dispersion can be drained from the Jewish soul in two centuries of political freedom in North America; Israel, too, is hardly free from the sort of paranoia that grows from the soil of *Galut*. What American Jews are not wholly secure in—and what Israeli Jews are not wholly secure in—is their relationship *to each other*. What seems important here, though, is not so much who apprehends what "basic reality," but that each Jewish community has become so anchored in its own separate national-cultural ethos that in a time of crisis the lines of communication between the two communities quickly became fouled and the bridges were bombed in hasty withdrawal.

One cannot, of course, excuse all of Israel's actions because of the Holocaust; yet nor should one ignore the centrality of the Holocaust—and subsequent Israeli history—in the mental framework of the nation. It is a country that intensely tracks incidents of anti-Semitism, or intimations of anti-Semitism, throughout the world: two recent incidents much mulled over in the Israeli press were the *Nation*'s publication of an ugly tract by Gore Vidal and the election of Kurt Waldheim to the presidency of Austria. It is a country that in the nearly forty years since its War of Independence has fought four major wars (not counting the sputtering War of Attrition and the endless war against terror), and in each war there were strong elements of public opinion that felt Israel's Western allies either had not fully stood behind them or had hesitated at critical moments—not the sort of actions that allow a sense of security to flourish.

It is, also, a country that each year somberly marks a "Holocaust Day." Last year, well before the crisis broke over Mr. Pollard's sentencing, the General Federation of Labor's newspaper, *Davar*, echoed the general editorial comment on the eve of Holocaust Day: "The reality of the sovereign state of Israel and the extensive influence of the American Jewish community today shouldn't make us forget the terrible weakness of the Jewish people" during the Holocaust. "Despite the revolutionary upheaval which has since taken place in Israel and the lands of the Diaspora, the Jewish people is still facing dangers, both from the hostile anti-Zionist-Moslem-Communist-Radical front, and from the renewed display of classic anti-Semitism."

Furthermore, it is a democracy divided. The two major political blocs are allied in government because neither could form a parliamentary majority alone. Public opinion polls continue to show deep divisions about what to do with the West Bank. Arabs and Jews are often in conflict, as are religious and secular Jews. Polls indicate that ultra-Orthodox Jews (who often have the swing vote in parliament) get a high disapproval rating, while simply Orthodox Jews are highly regarded and—tellingly, for American Jewish leaders—trends in conservative and Reform Judaism are mostly met with indifference.

On issues burning inside the Beltway—arms sales to Iran and dealings with the contras—Israelis are fairly evenly divided among those who support these projects, those who oppose them, and those who don't give a hoot. Discussions in Israel tend at times to take on a certain grim pragmatism that Americans might find distasteful. "It is immaterial as far as Israel is concerned which dictatorship rules Nicaragua," wrote *Ma'ariv*'s Yosef Harish in a piece on Jerusalem's role in the diversion of money to the contras. On arms sales to Iran, Ze'ev Schiff, the noted military analyst for *Ha'aretz*, wrote that it "is in Israel's interest that the Iran-Iraq war continue endlessly, on a small fire, without either of the sides—who define themselves as Israel's enemies—achieving a real victory."

By contrast, a majority of Americans seem to be of the opinion that arms sales to Iran and aiding the contras are very bad ideas. An underlying sense of geographic isolation appears to bolster American thinking in this regard. Most Americans seem to believe the idea of Communism spreading north from Nicaragua is about as likely as the moon turning pink. The Iranians appear as a kind of strange unshaved force, ensnaring Presidents, committing acts of "Arab" terrorism, and generally behaving in one hell of an annoying manner.

For Israel, the Holocaust is inescapably alive. Perhaps that is what Kundera meant when he called Israel "the true heart of Europe," the cosmopolitan Jewish heart: torn from the body by Nazi Germany and, surviving, transplanted by the Zionist movement—the way prepared long before Hitler—in an ancient land that nourished European civilization. Inescapably alive, the Holocaust conditions Israelis' view of their nation, lending poignancy and paranoia to their lives. It is neither an excuse for governmental irresponsibility nor a towering monolith that casts a black shadow over what in the final analysis is a remarkably happy Mediterranean country. But it is there, it is real, it is palpable in the fabric of life. It reinforces a tendency to put the ghosts of the past on trial, to accept the risky gifts offered by a walk-in spy such as Mr. Pollard, to keep a nearby war burning by selling arms, and to help its great and generous ally with sticky deals like the contras.

"For American Jews—now Jewish Americans—the American dream has come true. I wonder how many Israelis think the Zionist one has come true, too."

American Jews seem different. Successful and self-assured, for them Israel and Judaism appear to have become more abstract, something to honor at holidays, births, and funerals. Perhaps this is "less Jewish" or maybe it is a different form of Jewishness, changing as Judaism has always changed—retaining elemental beliefs but slipping into new costumes as the centuries passed. Yet for Americans—and that means American Jews, that perhaps being part of the price for becoming "more American" and "less Jewish"—the Holocaust seems a pretty bloodless thing. This abstraction of the Holocaust, and all that is subsequent to the Holocaust in the different histories of the two Jewish communities in the last forty years, marks off a certain distance between Israeli and American Jews. How does the Holocaust figure in American life? It figures through television movies, memorial projects, and the beatific presence of the apparently ubiquitous Elie Wiesel. "For let us face it," commented one Jewish American writer examining the controversy over President Reagan's trip to Bitburg cemetery in Germany, "the word 'Holocaust,' even for Jews, induces by now a mostly dead sensation."

Some Jewish intellectuals see evidence of a general dying out of the communal and cultural bonds of American Jewish life. "Less and less of the life of American Jews is derived from Jewish history, experience, culture, and religion," wrote sociologist Nathan Glazer in the August 1985 issue of *Commentary*. "More and more of it is derived from the current and existing realities of American culture, American politics, and the general American religion." This may be bad news for Israel and for U.S.-Israeli relations, in the long run. It probably means more periods of misunderstandings and troubled relations between American Jews and Jerusalem, though wars between the Jews are nothing new.

At present, Mr. Demjanjuk and Mr. Pollard hang together in the Jewish mind, troubling reminders of old hatreds and old conflicts. One, whether innocent or guilty, is a lingering player in the twentieth century's greatest story of evil unbound; Mr. Demjanjuk represents a generation that is passing from the scene and, rightly or wrongly, that generation has fastened on him to try once again to show that justice has a long arm, and to try to make people remember. Mr. Pollard represents a younger generation. He had heard all about the Holocaust and Israel and Zionism, but somewhere along the line all that got twisted up into something cheap and hollow. Greed and delusion in the end seem to be what motivated Mr. Pollard, his professions of Zionistic love of Israel notwithstanding. Back in his college days, Mr. Pollard used to brag about the jobs he did for various intelligence services of the world; perhaps he came to believe his own lies. When he finally did make contact with Israeli intelligence, Zionism was made painless by payments of tens of thousands of dollars, first-class trips to Europe, and expensive gifts. As for the country he said he cared so much about, Israel, Mr. Pollard had been there exactly once, for a few weeks, as a teenager. (This is once more than the majority of American Jews, who have never visited the Jewish state.) How, one might ask, can a person claim deep kinship with a land he has never seen? Is it a place of the mind, a source of pride, a fortress to escape to "just in case"? For Mr. Pollard, and for many American Jews, it seems that the idea of Israel has supplanted the reality. □

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Michael Ledeen

THE FUTURE OF FOREIGN POLICY

It will depend on whether we support democratic revolution.

With the explosion of the Iran/contra aid debacle, we are once again involved in an agonizing reappraisal of American foreign policy, just as in the immediate post-Watergate period and again in the last period of the Jimmy Carter presidency. Before the essential problems are lost in the predictable sea of recrimination and moralism, it behooves us to consider the essential ingredients of the problem.

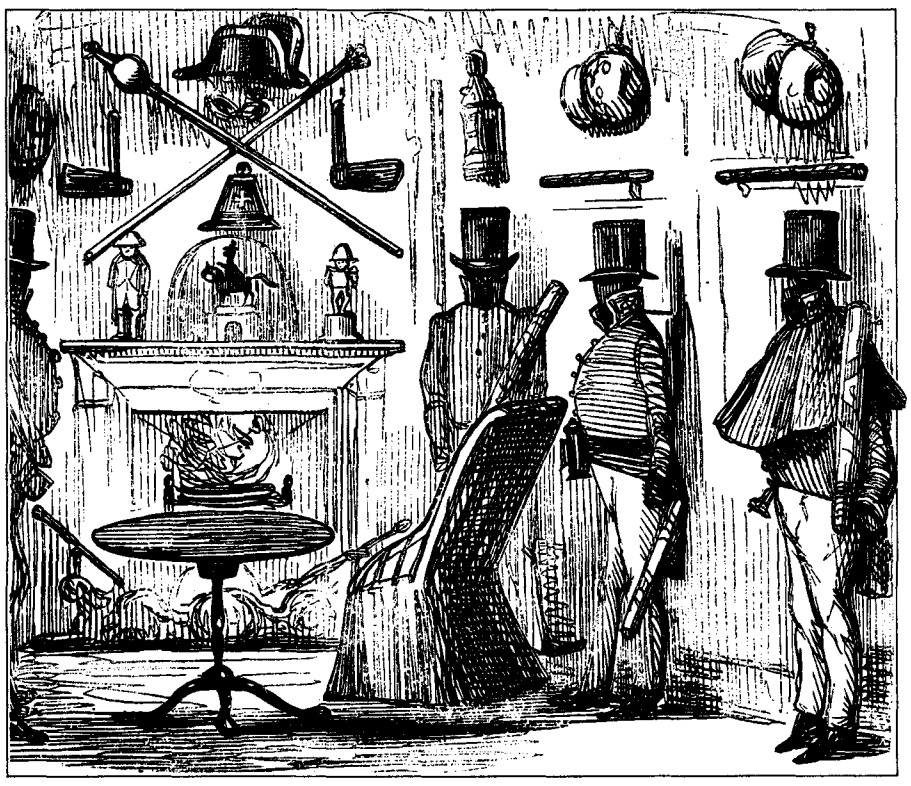
Foreign policy can no longer be discussed in its traditional—international—context, for the design and conduct of foreign policy is so deeply enmeshed in our domestic stresses and strains that it is hard to determine where the "domestic" ends and the "foreign" begins. This is not merely an intellectual problem, for it reflects the mounting strength of the Congress—indeed, the state legislatures and executives—in the foreign policy process. Each of our elected officials is busily involved in maintaining political power, and thus in catering to the moods of the public, thereby ensuring that "domestic" considerations play a major role in the foreign policy debate. With each additional player, the game becomes more confused, and nowadays it is a wonder that anything like coherent policy comes out of Washington.

Any detached observer watching the goings-on in the United States these days must be struck by the relentless congressional demands on the executive branch: more information, more control over every aspect of policy-making, more power in its execution. And just as the Church and Pike Commissions in the mid-1970s used their investigative powers to reshape—and severely limit—the ways in which the executive branch could carry out its business, so today we have a welter of congressional bodies insisting that the National Security Council, and indeed the President himself, bend to the legislative will.

Critics of the enhanced congressional role in foreign policy like to say that one cannot possibly conduct foreign policy with more than 500 secretaries of state. They are certainly right, but they have actually understated the case; each member of Congress has numerous staffers, and each of these aspires to the seventh floor of the State Department, or the West Wing of the White House, or the E ring of the Pentagon. So we have thousands of people in Washington involved in the formulation and conduct of American foreign policy, with the resultant confusion well known to us all.

Nor does the matter end there, for in addition to those elected and appointed officials and staffers (and the wives and husbands of all of the above), we now have the media, actively engaged in making policy as well. It has been remarked that in many ways the media have taken over the prerogatives of a secret intelligence agency, for our journalists, editors and producers now pay for information, have secret sources inside various governments around the world, decide when and if to declassify their information, all with a claim to an absolute right to protect their sources and methods from public disclosure.

Finally, to round out the current players, we have the lawyers and the judges. The lawyers have been more active in policy-making itself, for they often hold high positions in government, or serve as legal counsel to Cabinet members, and thus get to "weigh in" on matters currently being discussed. Moreover, they give opinions on the legality of proposed policies, and therefore they can often eliminate certain policy options before they even enter the broad debate. Judges don't have nearly so much access to the mighty as the lawyers do, but they have carved out quite an influential niche for themselves even so. For the judges are the arbiters of conflicts between the various branches of government, including the all-important one between the media and the executive branch.



When the Iran story first broke, at a time when it seemed to consist solely of an effort to use American weapons both to improve relations with Iran and ransom American hostages in Lebanon, the lawyers and judges from the Department of Justice immediately launched an investigation of the National Security Council, ostensibly to determine if any criminal activity had occurred. It was this investigation that uncovered the evidence of the contra financing scheme. Yet hardly anyone stopped to ask whether the Justice Department had any basis for its investigation. It would seem, at a minimum, that at least one prior question needed to be asked: What, if any, decision had President Reagan taken in this matter? If that decision flew in the face of law, then certainly a full investigation was in order. But if the presidential decision was lawful, then there would seem to have been no basis for the investigation.

As of the end of the year, the question of just what the President had approved was still in doubt. Yet no one had suggested that the judges and lawyers in the Justice Department had acted precipitously, or that their investigation was itself out of order. Such is the near-automatic deference paid to those in Washington who brandish legal tomes as they go about their business.

The executive branch, which is constitutionally charged with responsibility for foreign policy, is the great loser in this struggle, at least so far. To take just

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Michael Ledeen is senior fellow in international affairs at the Center for Strategic and International Studies and The American Spectator*'s regular "Presswatch" columnist. This essay is adapted from a piece orginally commissioned by* Partisan Review *but then rejected by that magazine after the outbreak of the Iran-contra business.*

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one, perhaps symbolic, example: the Freedom of Information Act applies throughout the executive branch, but not at all to the legislative branch nor to the Fourth Estate—an irony that is only heightened by the media's claim to represent "the people's right to know"; the people are evidently not entitled to know what the media know, but only what the (executive branch of the) government knows.

For those who like to think in terms of social and political institutions, the easiest way to summarize the chaos that currently surrounds our foreign policy is to speak of the triumph of bureaucracy, and this fine Weberian concept has been well used by John Lukacs, among others, to describe our current plight. Yet it is a mistake to place too much emphasis on the structural aspects of the confusion that now exists; much of the bureaucracy that seems triumphant is in fact timid, and would probably be relieved to see a reassertion of real leadership from the proper quarters. The causes of our problems are fundamentally intellectual.

I have argued elsewhere at greater length[1] that our elected leaders are rarely well versed in foreign policy matters. The extreme case of this problem is the presidency, where the last man with real foreign policy experience to be elected to the White House was Richard Nixon. His three successors were at best unskilled, and at worst highly ignorant. But this is only the most dramatic example, because even within the so-called professional community, we lack real expertise. In the foreign service, as in the military and even the intelligence community, career advancement is easiest if one is a "generalist"; people who specialize find promotions harder to come by. We can see this alarming pattern throughout the foreign policy community, and I shall cite just two examples here. The first is in the field of counter-terrorism, where it has been virtually impossible to create an independent special unit, thanks to the opposition of the various military services, each of which wants to maintain control over its own "turf." The effect of this opposition is to make it extremely unattractive for career military officers to devote themselves to special operations.

The second example of the lack of specialization regards our knowledge of Iran. The CIA at the time of the Carter hostage crisis had no full-time Farsi-speaking Iran expert at work on the Iranian situation, and the head of the special crisis unit was in fact an expert in the (Arab-speaking) Gulf states. Indeed, the CIA station chief in Tehran during the Shah's time of troubles was a person who had spent his career in the Orient, did not speak Farsi, and had no particular expertise in Iranian matters. This was no surprise in an intelligence community that had lost over 800 of its most skilled covert agents when Director of Central Intelligence Stansfield Turner decided to reduce manpower in this sector.

Things had not greatly improved by the time of the Reagan hostage crisis. The gentleman in charge of Iranian affairs at CIA had recently arrived at his post from years of work on Latin American matters; he spoke no Farsi, had spent no time in Iran, and was not familiar with the leading political figures and institutions in the country. Typically, when the White House needed a top Iranian expert, a former intelligence officer was taken out of retirement.

These are common examples, not rare cases. The search for the "good generalist," comfortable in many regional and substantive areas, skilled in administration as well as in the conduct of diplomacy, or military and intelligence operations, leaves us without the knowledgeable, confident experts that we need in times of crisis. And the same holds true for the "intellectual" part of the policy community—the journalists. The day has passed when we had innumerable foreign correspondents who had spent the bulk of their lives overseas, mastering foreign languages and cultures, and building up their foreign sources. Nowadays, our journalists are part and parcel of the Washington establishment—which is, after all, where careers are to be made, in journalism as in government.

Since our leaders—in all branches of government, including the media—rarely have a clear notion of the national interest, they are subject to the daily whims of the political marketplace. Unsure of themselves, they are unable to enforce accountability upon their subordinates, thus giving "the system" (the bureaucrats) the ability to paralyze policy, or even to impose their own desires upon those of elected and appointed officials.

This is the basic reason that American foreign policy is often so undefined and unpredictable. Lacking clear guidelines, our own public, our allies, our enemies, and indeed members of our own government, are legitimately and properly confused about our intentions and even about our most fundamental desires. This is the result of intellectual confusion, of political indecisiveness, and of the expansion of the policy-making community beyond the limits of reasonableness. With expansion has come a pernicious pseudo-democratic theory according to which everyone is entitled to a say in policy, regardless of his qualifications, thus slowing down policy-making to the point where even good policy is likely to fail because it is impossible to define and implement in a timely manner.

The paralysis of decision-making and implementation—along with the desire for secrecy—undoubtedly played a major role in the Iran affair. Frustrated by years of immobility in fighting terrorism (the sum total of American actions against terrorists and their sponsors over the course of the past decade consists of the bombing of Libya and the *Achille Lauro* action—improvised in a matter of hours when it became known that the PLO terrorists who had murdered Mr. Leon Klinghoffer were going to fly from Cairo to Tunis later that same day), and by years of toing and froing over Central America, Angola, Afghanistan, and the like, the President and his associates evidently decided that here, for once, things would be managed quickly and efficiently by a small group of people. And by these standards, at least, the policy was successful. Decisions *were* made quickly, and secrecy *was* maintained (one of the most encouraging things about the affair is that even though several officials, including Secretaries Shultz and Weinberger, were opposed to the policy, no one leaked information in an effort to sabotage it—something that undoubtedly would have happened had the policy been more widely shared).

One of the most encouraging things about the Iran-contra affair is that even though several officials were opposed to the policy, no one leaked information in an effort to sabotage it.

The best short analysis of our current travails has come from Michel Crozier, in *Le Mal Américain*, recently translated into English as *The Trouble with America*. Most of Crozier's book is devoted to domestic policy, but his conclusions are equally valid for international affairs. "When every group has access, one way or another, to every decision, one should not be surprised that the upshot is confusion and erratic choices." So far, so familiar, but Crozier then goes on to make the crucial point:

> When everybody is free to go in and out everywhere without shouldering the least responsibility in return, when there is no social or cultural barrier to straighten out the chaos of negotiations, long-term policies are no longer feasible.

In Crozier's words, the short term overwhelms the long term, and each and every decision becomes an exercise in public relations. Worse still, "there is no longer the time or the freedom needed to reflect and invest for the future." The consequences of this pseudo-democracy are what we are now living with:

> No society can afford to deny a leading role to long-term thinking. Of course, it is not necessary that a king, for example, should be the embodiment of continuity, but this function must be carried out by political—or, failing that, social—institutions. If society will no longer tolerate elites and political institutions do not provide the necessary safeguards for long-term planning, for the preparation that it implies, as well as for the risks, then democracy falls apart, both at the bottom, where the sense of community is lost, and at the top, where the feeling for the state as a whole and the common good likewise suffers.

When our elected and appointed policy-makers are paralyzed, then others will try to take up the slack, and so we have witnessed the emergence of the two new groups of would-be policy-makers: the media and the legal community. One of the most alarming symptoms of the reign of confusion in Washington for the past decade is the degree to which journalists and lawyers have defined the foreign policy debate. Every morning at the staff meetings of members of the Cabinet, the first item on the agenda is invariably the Press Clips, rather than the often-urgent messages that have arrived during the night. For it is the Press Clips that will dictate the most pressing activity of the day: preparing for the evening news broadcasts.

And once the discussion turns to matters of actual policy, the lawyers play a major role, a task they are often quite unsuited to fulfill. Lawyers are versed in the narrow principles of American domestic laws, which are often quite out of place in the dangerous world at large. To give just one example, in 1982 two Nicaraguan defectors arrived in Washington after commandeering an airplane and escaping to Costa Rica. They had some important information about the Sandinista regime, and some State Department officials suggested that they should be made available to Congress for questioning in public sessions. "Wait a minute," one of the lawyers interrupted, "these men stole an airplane,

[1]See Michael A. Ledeen, *Grave New World* (Oxford University Press, 1985).

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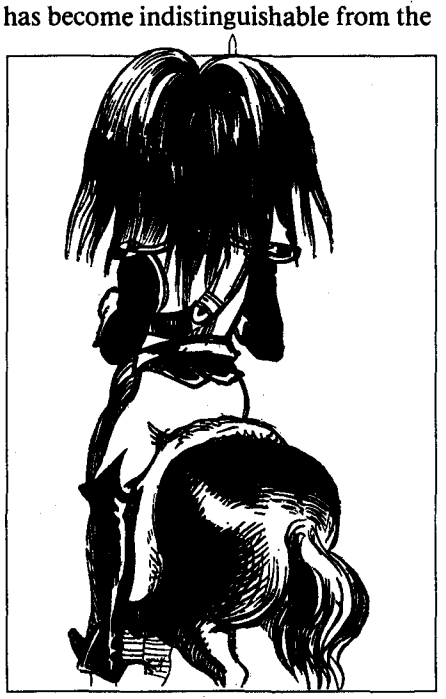
which is grand larceny. If they go public, and the Sandinistas demand their extradition, we will probably be required to send them back." They never testified. A small example, perhaps, but symptomatic. The truly distressing thing is not that the lawyer said what he had to say, but that the officials of the Department of State did not override him. Crozier has a wonderful quotation from a tough-minded French prefect: "A prefect is there to break the law. If there was no need of breaking the law from time to time in order to protect the innocent or to assure the public welfare, there would be no need for prefects."

The wise prefect, understanding in detail the specific problems he must deal with, realizes the limitations of abstract principle, and is able to temper his commitment to principle in favor of good works. But those who have not mastered the real problems fear to make an independent decision, and take refuge in abstract principle. This practice, combined with a traditional American belief that one can legislate against shortcomings of human nature, produces a situation in which every person, and above all every governmental official, must be on guard at all times against the slightest slip that can be used in court against him.

In such an atmosphere the very notion of "national interest," or, as the Europeans like to put it, "reason of state," has little chance to serve as a fundamental guide for policy. If our government is to be based on the edicts of the lawyers and judges on the one hand, and the limits laid down by the media on the other, what hope is there for those few persons who are seeking to advance the national interests of the United States? Indeed, how can we even debate the matter? This brings us back to the beginning: foreign policy has become indistinguishable from the



general tumult, and can hardly be formulated on its own terms.

Stripped of its domestic ingredients, and separated from the confusion that currently engulfs it, foreign policy would be viewed as it is viewed in most of the world: the effort to enhance the national interest, defined in traditional geopolitical terms. This means, above all, ensuring the survival of the country and its political system, through proper attention to such matters as our own military and economic strength, the international balance of power, the condition and intentions of our enemies, and the stability of our friends.

This notion of the national interest is easily defined in theory, but it is far more complex in actual diplomatic and military practice, for it is sometimes hard to know who are friends and who are enemies (duplicity and deceit do play a role in the world), especially since it is sometimes necessary to shift alliances. Nations, it is often and rightly said, do not have enduring friends, but they do have enduring interests, and this in turn means that flexibility, rather than predetermined abstractions, should characterize foreign policy.

The wise prefect, understanding in detail the specific problems he must deal with, realizes the limitations of abstract principle, and is able to temper his commitment to principle in favor of good works.

However, unlike most other countries, the United States cannot possibly conduct foreign policy on the basis of pure geopolitical interest. This is because, in addition to defending the geopolitical integrity of the nation, we are committed to defending an ideal as well: the ideal of democracy. And it follows that we should strive to expand the sphere of democracy—and limit the strength of the enemies of democracy. Our enemies recognize this fact of American existence, even if we are wont to forget it ourselves from time to time.

That is why, with very rare exceptions, we find ourselves in relative harmony with democratic countries, and in conflict—actual or potential—with anti-democratic nations and movements. And our gravest conflict is with the Soviet Union, which threatens both our geopolitical position in the world and the very existence of democracy. Thus, it should be easy to define our most fundamental national interest at the moment: to thwart the ambitions of the Kremlin, and to expand the sphere of influence of freedom and democracy.

Alas, our foreign policy is most commonly analyzed in terms of abstract moral standards, rather than in the terms traditionally (and properly) reserved for it: Is our security enhanced? Are we effectively combating our enemies? Are we shifting the balance of power in our favor? Instead, we hear other sorts of questions: Are our allies sufficiently moral? Shouldn't we insist that they live up to *our* standards of public morality before we support them? Why should we take risks overseas when our enemies claim to be acting in the name of our ideals?

American foreign policy must be based on our values, and in particular on the spread of the democratic revolution. But it must also be based on an informed, hard-headed analysis of the geopolitical situation, for to act on the basis of abstract morality while sabotaging the national interest is, as Antoine Boulay de la Meurthe described a particularly idiotic act of Napoleon's, "worse than a crime, it is a blunder." Our leaders are charged with advancing the national interest, but they are poorly prepared for this task and for the most part they carry it out poorly.

Lacking proper leadership, abstract ideas have taken the place of the many prefects we need in all areas of government; none more urgently than foreign policy.

Towards a Proper Policy

Ours is a revolutionary society, and we are committed to the spread of the democratic revolution. This commitment is a constant in our history, and functions independently of temporary alliances of convenience. Sooner or later the American people will always turn against a dictator, and thus no stable long-term alliance with a dictatorship is possible for the United States, as the Shah of Iran, "Baby Doc" of Haiti, and Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos of the Philippines discovered to their sorrow.

We can justify alliances with such types—indeed, even worse than those, since we were able to maintain a wartime alliance with Stalin—only on two grounds: either a crisis so grave that such a step, although repugnant to us, is lesser than the alternative evil; or clear evidence that the dictatorship is changing in the direction of greater democracy.

So one firm principle of American foreign policy seems clear enough: no long-term alliances with dictatorships that do not respond to calls for reform. Either the dictatorship has to change, or the alliance will eventually come apart. This principle then suggests a corollary: if our strategic interests suggest a long-term alliance with a country governed by a dictator, we should try to change its regime.

In the abstract, most Americans agree with these principles, although they are rarely stated in such bald terms. Most of the time we alternate between piously stating that we should not meddle in the internal affairs of other countries (one of the refrains of the Frank Church/Walter Mondale/Stansfield Turner crowd of the 1970s), and calling for stringent action against one or another regime (from South Africa to Chile, the Philippines, and South Korea). We rarely seem to have patience for the gray area that lies between these two "pure" positions. Unlike the prefect cited by Michel Crozier, we lack the confidence to violate the principles when the real situation calls for it. For along with the admirable goals, there are good reasons for occasionally supporting even odious dictators; the best reason for such a policy is when a change would make matters even worse (as in the substitution of the Ayatollah Khomeini for the Shah of Iran, or the replacement of Somoza with the Sandinistas).

In many of these cases, we find ourselves between the rock of a hateful dictatorship and the hard place of a totalitarian or otherwise frightening opposition because we have failed to go about our business of supporting the democratic revolution all along. This was certainly the case in Iran, and was about to be repeated in the Philippines when Ferdinand Marcos attempted to steal an election from a genuinely democratic opposition, thereby giving us a miraculous opportunity to snatch victory from the jaws of impending catastrophe.

But past error is no reason for contemporary suicide, and we must be mature enough to choose the least of available evils when no attractive option exists. Yet our foreign-policy debate rarely permits such policies, because the abstract principles become weapons in the hands of our domestic political warriors, which helps guarantee that we shall have no serious policies worthy of the name. This is why the objects of our wrath seem to be determined as much by domestic considerations as by concern about pressing matters of national security. More specifically, foreign dictators—almost exclusively of the right—are

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under almost constant attack from our own political left. The Shahs, the Marcoses, the Pinochets, the South Koreans, the South Africans, the Zias are all subjected to constant attack from our politicians and journalists. Their embassies are the objects of demonstrations, their economies the objects of demands for trade embargoes or other sanctions, and their diplomatic representatives the objects of virulent attack.

On the other side of the political spectrum, the American right tends to rally to the side of the dictators because they fear that the alternative to friendly tyrants is hostile tyrants. Fearing that change would damage our geopolitical position—and also fearing that if there were new Irans or Cubas, the actual plight of the people in such countries would be worsened as well—most American conservatives are uncomfortable with mass movements, and hope that somehow a more moderate, evolutionary change can be achieved.

The conservatives are right to be worried, but their prescriptions generally boil down to wishful thinking.[2] If one wants people in power to take risks, and change the basis of their regimes, it will usually be necessary to exert some sort of power in order to achieve the change. At a minimum, the friendly tyrant will have to be assured that his own security will be protected. If the tyrant refuses, we will then have to face a most difficult decision: do we settle for what we have and hope for the best, or do we attempt to organize and support the democratic opposition?

On the face of it, the latter alternative ought to be embraced with enthusiasm by the left, but in practice the people who demonstrate against the repressive governments with whom we are sometimes allied, are the most outspoken in denying to the American government the tools (which include secret actions) with which to advance the cause of the democratic revolution. And, to complete the vicious circle, they are far more concerned about condemning friendly tyrants than with finding effective ways to combat our actual enemies, even though our enemies are generally far more repressive than the friendly dictators, and are infinitely more dangerous to our national security.

We are thus confronted by another of those paradoxes that drive serious policy-makers to despair: the left has a natural sympathy for the kind of revolutionary policies we should pursue, but often misunderstands our priorities and has a visceral distaste for the instruments that are required to conduct those policies. The right has a visceral sympathy for the instruments, but distrusts the policies and is uncomfortable with many of the mass movements we should be supporting.

How to Advance the Democratic Revolution

In most countries, democratic movements are feared by the existing regimes, and if we wish to support the democrats it is frequently necessary to do so secretly. This is not because we prefer covert measures to overt ones, but because if it were to be known that we were supporting the democratic opposition, our relations with the existing regime would be strained, we would lose other opportunities to influence the course of events . . . and the people we are supporting might risk jail, exile, or death.[3]

Note that this is a condition of certain kinds of *real* support, as opposed to rhetorical endorsement, or the kind of quiet assistance that can be offered by private foundations or the National Endowment for Democracy. It is also a kind of support that has often been provided to democratic movements by European political parties, as in Portugal and Spain during the transition from dictatorship to democracy. Yet secret support is denounced by a surprising number of Americans as some sort of "dirty trick."

The confusion that surrounds the question of secrecy translates into a complete breakdown of discipline within the government (including the media). Since the practical requirement for secrecy in pursuit of legitimate, even vital national objectives is not properly understood, governmental officials have taken to leaking secrets as part of their everyday political activity. Little thought seems to be given to the practical consequences of leaking, even where people's lives are at stake, as they often have been. Worse still, leaking is often part of a deliberate attempt to sabotage policy—this is an extension of the pseudo-democracy discussed earlier, as each person arrogates to himself the prerogative of the highest policy-makers in the land.

The issue here is not whether all material classified "secret" should be so considered; there is a lot of stuff that is improperly classified. But it is simply impossible for a government to conduct its business if secrets cannot be kept. For we will not get the truth from people if they cannot speak in complete confidence that what they say will remain within a small group. And if we cannot keep our support for democratic movements secret when circumstances so demand, then we will be unable to encourage the democratic revolution as we should. Our would-be allies will take their chances without us, rather than risking the worst if they accept our help.

To put the matter bluntly, the democratic revolution needs a good CIA, or something like it. Had we had one, and had President Carter had the knowledge and the will to conduct an effective foreign policy, the United States might have been able to support the democratic forces within the Sandinista coalition that toppled Somoza in 1979, instead of standing by and hoping that somehow the Ortegas and Tomas Borge would not pursue their plan to install a Leninist regime in Nicaragua and export like-minded organizations throughout Central America. If Carter had done that, we would today be celebrating the success of the democratic revolution in all of Central America, instead of wondering what the outcome will be.

And note that we indeed meddled in Nicaragua, cutting off Somoza's weapons at a crucial moment (and pressuring our allies to do the same), thereby guaranteeing the Sandinista victory. But in this game, medals are only given for winning, not for good intentions.[4]

So far, the discussion has been limited to cases where we seek to encourage the spread of democracy to countries that are basically friendly to us. The experience of the past fifteen years is that our lack of clarity about our objectives, combined with the intellectual deficiencies of our leaders, has produced an incoherent foreign policy. It should be clear that things are even worse with regard to our enemies.

As Jean-François Revel has so eloquently observed in *How Democracies Perish*, we have somehow managed to become far more vicious toward our friends than toward our enemies, to the point where there is a systematic double standard in our evaluation of international affairs. On occasion—as during the Israeli invasion of Lebanon—journalists and politicians actually brag about the double standard, as if there were some noble purpose served in giving our adversaries the benefit of every doubt while holding our friends to the highest possible standards. Some of this had to do with the omnipresence of the lawyers, who seem to delight in telling governmental officials that anything they actually do risks running into some statute or other, and who can generally count upon outspoken support from a large segment of the media and the academic community.

Winston Churchill once complained about such people, who, he observed, permitted our enemies to trample every moral and legal principle into the dirt when it served their purposes, while simultaneously paralyzing us by demanding that we observe every moral and legal scruple in our efforts to respond. The easiest place to see this frightening tendency at work is in the field of counter-terrorism, where the terrorists—solidly supported by our enemies, from the Soviet Union and its satellites to Iran, Syria, and Libya—have been murdering Americans and other Westerners for years, while our government forbids any of its officials

[2]Wishful-thinking-as-foreign-policy is, of course, not unique to conservatives; Jimmy Carter seemed at times to elevate it to an art form. But the right has an abhorrence for revolution, and for the often chaotic turmoil of mass movements, and therefore shies away from involvement in such phenomena.

[3]To take just one example: in my view of things, the best way to conduct policy towards South Africa right now is to give covert support to democratic opponents of apartheid, whether white or black, all the while pursuing an overt policy of "constructive engagement." And the covert program should also include efforts to protect black and white moderates from the extremists who are trying to terrorize (and who often kill) their moderate opponents. Obviously, the covert program would not be permitted to function if it were a publicly-announced policy.

[4]The same considerations hold for the Philippines, even though we "lucked out" at the end. We should have been supporting the democratic opposition in the Philippines, both in the political universe and within the armed forces, for years, so that if the most widely predicted scenario came to pass (Marcos wins the elections, polarizing the country between the regime and the Communist insurrection), we would have had something to work with against both extremes.

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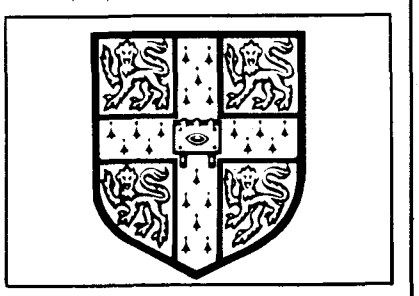

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to engage in acts of individual reprisal against the terrorists.

There are two legal measures that forbid us to conduct an effective counter-terrorist policy. One is a law that prohibits American officials from working with murderers; the other is an executive order, dating to 1975, prohibiting any official of the American government to conduct, order, encourage, or facilitate assassination. One can applaud the intent of these measures, but the effect is disastrous, for not only does it mean that we cannot go after individual terrorists and kill them (or hire others to do so, or encourage others to do so), but it also means that we cannot recruit terrorists to our side in order to find out the intentions of the terrorist organizations and their sponsors. When such restrictions are added to the bureaucratic paralysis that characterizes our system, the lack of decisive and sustained action is inevitable.

We are therefore left with inferior intelligence and an unsavory choice between rhetoric and massive retaliation against the terrorists. For the effect of these moral measures is that while it is illegal for us to kill Abu Abas, it is quite all right to bomb Tripoli and Bengazi in self-defense. Yet if we are concerned—as we should be—with innocent victims, the bombing is far more dangerous than efforts to avenge the murder of dozens of Americans, starting with that of Leon Klinghoffer on the *Achille Lauro*. And quite aside from the question of retaliation, it is absolutely vital to our national security to be able to penetrate the terrorist organizations—and the intelligence services of those countries who arm, train, and dispatch the terrorists.

Not a single voice has been heard from our government—in any branch—calling for a change in these legal measures. And the reason is not hard to imagine: our officials are afraid of the pious denunciations that would immediately be aimed at the advocates of change. So we are hamstrung by the lawyers, and by the journalists who would immediately attack any leader who spoke the truth on this matter.

This in turn is part of a much larger American problem: the reluctance to admit that we have enemies. We strain mightily to pretend that our differences with the Soviet Union are the result of poor communication, or reciprocal misunderstanding, or ill will on the part of this or that official, when in reality ours is one of the fundamental political and indeed ideological conflicts of modern history. And unless one of us abandons its world view, it is hard to imagine the conflict going away. So that while it is important to talk about how best to "manage" the conflict, we should be clear that the Soviet Union is our enemy, and that the Soviets will do their best to defeat us.

The American resistance to the notion that some conflicts may not be subject to resolution by agreeable methods is the subject of a curious but stimulating book by Mona Harrington.[5] She says:

> At the core of the [American] myth is the conviction that human relations are, by their nature, harmonious, that *serious* conflict in human societies is unnatural and unnecessary. Or to put it another way, differences in interest among different groups in the nation or among nations, while inevitable, are essentially superficial. According to the myth, there exists, beneath such contention, a beneficent natural order within which all interests are complementary . . .

Harrington argues convincingly that the myth gets in the way of properly addressing some of the most serious social problems we face, and the same holds true for international affairs. For if we believe that, given sufficient good will, our international conflicts can be resolved amiably, we shall surely fail to make the crucial choices that, alas, we really face.

Why should we take risks overseas when our enemies claim to be acting in the name of our ideals?

I believe that we must thwart the international objectives of the Soviet Union, and that we must directly challenge several of the non-Soviet regimes that are currently waging terrorist war against us. If it is proper to support the democratic revolution in countries like South Africa, Chile, and the Philippines, it is even more urgent to do so in Nicaragua, Libya, and Iran. And the fact that one can easily find huge American crowds to demonstrate in favor of moves against the former three countries, but almost never against the latter, shows how badly confused we are about our national interests. Not that the democratic revolution in South Africa, Chile, and the Philippines is not a worthy objective; but that it is worthy *and urgent* in Nicaragua, Libya, and Iran. The first three offend our sensibilities; the second three threaten our security as well as offend our sensibilities.

As for the Soviet Union, we need to apply the same kind of approach, but of course in a more restrained and subtle way, for the requirement of avoiding nuclear war is as close to a categorical imperative as one can find in foreign policy. Yet this does not mean that we should abandon the notion of linkage between our behavior and theirs. Again, if our attitude toward trade with and investment in South Africa is linked to the abolition of apartheid, should we not take a similar position toward the Soviet gulag, or the Kremlin's expansionist policies in Southwest Asia and Central America? Why should we extend credits to Soviet banks when the Kremlin spends hard currency to finance guerrilla movements in our hemisphere? Why should we permit high-tech devices to be sold to the Soviet Union when these devices are going to be used against us? And these questions acquire greater urgency when it is realized that our money and our technology are desperately needed by the Soviets, because they are unable to compete with us over the broad spectrum of technological advance, and are unable, without our help, to create the wealth they need to finance their vast empire.

There is a great deal that can be done to hamstring the Soviets, to make them pay for their own grave internal errors, and to demonstrate that while our problems are serious indeed, theirs are infinitely more threatening. Indeed, the failure of the Soviet system is the most serious threat to peace in the world today, and if we had a government worthy of the name, it would be planning on how to deal with the eventual breakdown (or breakup?) of the Soviet Empire. So far as I know, nothing of the sort is going on, and our efforts to acquire greater leverage over the Soviets in the areas of international banking and technology transfer move by fits and starts.

Meanwhile, we should do our best to bring down the far weaker regimes that have been carrying out murderous attacks against us and our friends. All Africa would cheer at the fall of Qaddafi, and all reasonable people in the Middle East would welcome the departure of the Assad regime from Syria. There are many forces in both countries that long for a chance to act in this direction, just as countless Iranians yearn for the opportunity to undo the horrible damage done to their country by the Ayatollah Khomeini. Not all of these regimes are Soviet proxies (Iran, for example, is certainly independent of any guidance from Moscow, and Assad undoubtedly maintains considerable autonomy, albeit less so than Khomeini), but all are enemies of ours. To defeat one or more of them would work wonders in the international atmosphere, and marvelously focus the minds of the gentlemen who sit in the Politburo.

Yet, by the same sort of confusion that leads us to offer privileged trading status to the likes of Ceausescu's Romania, and to toy with the idea of offering similar rewards to the Soviet Union in return for token gestures on emigration or the release of a handful of dissidents, we somehow convinced ourselves that the best way to deal with the problem of American hostages in southern Lebanon was to offer weapons to the regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini. From the standpoint of the national interest, we should have been working toward the replacement of that regime with something more civilized, rather than focusing our passions on the question of a handful of Americans, no matter how anguishing was the thought of those Americans in the hands of radical Shiites. This was simply one more case of an abstractly moral goal—the liberation of innocent Americans—overwhelming a serious national objective. But while this is the most celebrated such case in recent years, it is far from the most serious one.

The defeat of our enemies, and thwarting the Kremlin's ambitions, should be the foundations of our policy to advance the cause of the democratic revolution.

Can this policy, or anything like it, be designed and implemented by an American government in the 1980s? Or are our internal problems so serious that these must remain interesting ruminations inapplicable to the actual conduct of government? I am by nature optimistic, and I believe that it can be achieved. But it will require a tremendous effort, and it will require a commitment not only to carry out such a policy, but to educate a new generation of Americans to the realities of international affairs, and hence to the requirements for our own people. It will require a dedication to excellence, a willingness to enforce reasonable standards—and thus hold individuals accountable for their errors—and a willingness to make decisions rather than submit every policy to endless debate. As Michel Crozier puts it in the closing lines of *The Trouble with America*: "Without commitment and care nothing can be built that will have a chance to last. And there won't be commitment and care without the assertive power of individual leadership; in other words, of individual leaders willing to run the risk of failure and the more basic risk of freedom itself." □

[5] Mona Harrington, *The Dream of Deliverance in American Politics* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1986).

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WHAT OIL CRISIS?

by Richard J. Myers

To hear the experts tell it, the United States is lurching toward a reprise of the 1970s energy crisis. With the collapse in world oil prices last year—from about $25 a barrel in January to, briefly, about $11 in July—U.S. oil production declined. Oil consumption and oil imports rose. By the early 1990s, oil imports will reach about half of total U.S. requirements. With similar trends at work in the rest of the industrial world, demand for OPEC oil will surely climb. As it does, the experts warn, OPEC will use its power to manipulate the oil market and boost oil prices—as it did in 1973 and again after the fall of the Shah in 1979 and the outbreak of the Iran-Iraq war a year later. The U.S. will be subject to another price shock or, worse, interruptions in supply. U.S. foreign policy and economic growth, the experts say, will be hostage to the caprice of the oil producers' cartel. A global crisis looms.

This alarmist view is shared by the energy industries, many analysts in academia and think tanks, and Ronald Reagan's Department of Energy. "Somebody needs to sound the energy warning," said Energy Secretary John Herrington in March, when he released a 400-page assessment of America's energy prospects called *Energy Security*. Left unchecked, he added, today's trends "have serious implications for national security."

The doomsday rhetoric of Herrington and his fellow experts is wildly inappropriate, and shows a curious reluctance to learn the lessons of the 1970s. They could begin by reviewing the consensus predictions made by the experts of those earlier days.

The federal government's response to the oil embargo of 1973-74 was a policy document called "Project Independence." In a massive miscalculation, it forecast that oil imports in 1985 would be higher than *total* oil consumption in that year proved to be. As recently as 1981, the energy experts also agreed that oil would cost $100 a barrel by 2000 which, coupled with ever-rising oil imports, would surely bankrupt the U.S. economy.

All through the 1970s, the experts in government and the energy industry predicted that the U.S. was running out of natural gas. Chronic, growing shortages were inevitable. Hence the Synthetic Fuels Corporation, a quasi-governmental agency endowed with $88 billion to be disbursed to large synthetic fuels projects in the form of loan guarantees and price supports.

Until at least the mid-1970s, many of the experts insisted that the U.S. would need 800-or-so nuclear power plants by the turn of the century. And with that many nuclear plants, the U.S. would quickly run short of cheap uranium fuel which, in turn, led the experts to press for accelerated development of breeder reactors.

Finally, the pessimism about oil and gas and the high expectations for synthetic fuels and electric power demand produced a consensus that more than two billion tons of U.S. coal production would be needed by 2000.

None of these hysterical forecasts came to pass. Oil prices will not reach $100 a barrel by the turn of the century; in fact, it's unlikely they will exceed $30 a barrel (in today's dollars). Instead of chronic shortages of natural gas, the U.S. has an apparently chronic surplus. There is no evidence that gas supply will be constrained until well into the next century. The Synthetic Fuels Corporation collapsed, mercifully, before it squandered more than a few billion dollars on plants that produce synthetic oil and gas at prices three or four times today's level. The U.S. will not need 800 nuclear plants by the year 2000, although it may need a few more than the 100-or-so now in operation. And, of course, coal production will not approach two billion tons a year by the turn of the century. In fact, reasonable expectations indicate that a little more than half that will be quite enough. (That's up from production of 884 million tons last year.)

In spite of the lessons of the recent past, there are several myths about energy policy still being perpetuated today. First among them is the mistaken notion that non-OPEC oil and natural gas production is now declining inevitably, which will allow OPEC to position its boot on the world's throat. This view takes no account of the surge in non-OPEC oil production that followed OPEC's attempts to run up oil prices in the 1970s. Spurred on by higher prices, non-OPEC production rose by almost 30 percent between 1979 and 1985—from about 21.5 million barrels a day in 1980 to its current rate of almost 27 million barrels a day. Even in the U.S., where the experts predicted a sharp drop in oil output, production between 1975 and 1985 was flat to slightly increasing. If OPEC tries to drive up oil prices again in the 1990s, the same non-OPEC production surge will happen again. Although today's low prices are depressing exploration and production in the U.S. and elsewhere, tomorrow's higher prices will reverse that decline.

To this the experts reply that it will take many years before higher prices encourage increased production. That fear is unfounded. Recent history shows clearly that the market, left to itself, responds quite rapidly—not overnight, to be sure, but in months rather than in years. For example, in 1979-80, OPEC managed to drive the price of oil up to nearly $40 a barrel. It became clear rather quickly that this price would not stick and within a year, by 1981, crisis and shortage had turned into outright surplus.

Another example: in the late 1970s, U.S. natural gas demand outran available supply because federal price controls at the wellhead had crippled new exploration. In 1978, Congress passed the Natural Gas Policy Act, which partly deregulated wellhead prices. Within a very short time, shortage had turned into sufficiency and by 1981 or 1982, sufficiency had turned into surplus. The response to rising prices was so quick and so effective that the gas surplus soared to about 4.5 trillion cubic feet (Tcf) in 1983—roughly one-quarter of U.S. annual gas consumption—and stands at about three trillion cubic feet even today. →

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Then there's the myth of the disappearing oil and gas industry. Oil lobbyists like to talk about this issue because it supports their pleadings for preferential tax treatment or a fee on imported oil. There's no doubt last year's collapse in oil prices was accompanied by a large contraction in the petroleum business. Hundreds of thousands of people were forced out of work and hundreds of companies went out of business. If this trend continues unchecked, the industry warns, the U.S. won't have the resources—geologists, drilling contractors, and other oilfield specialists—needed when prices turn back up.

The Department of Energy's recent energy study notes that "by the end of 1986, 150,000 oil industry jobs had been lost—representing close to 30 percent of the total work force devoted to oil and gas exploration and oil field services." Then the DOE study makes a telling point: "Current oil industry employment of about 424,000 is at about the same level as in 1977, before the industry expansion that resulted from the 1979/80 oil price increase." In other words, the size of the U.S. oil and gas industry ballooned dramatically in the early 1980s as prices rose to unsustainable levels. Last year's price collapse let some air out of the balloon. This is a long way from a disappearing industry.

Unemployment in the petroleum sector, although painful for those affected, must be considered in the context of the entire U.S. economy. While oil industry employment slipped by 150,000, non-agricultural employment in the U.S. grew by 2.4 million between the third quarter of 1985 and the third quarter of 1986, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. And that growth was due at least partly to the salutary effect of low oil prices on the economy.

There's also a myth about OPEC that defies the historical record. The experts tell us that, by the early 1990s, OPEC will be able to manipulate the market. This assumes that the cartel is a powerful, cohesive, monolithic juggernaut. The last fourteen years demonstrates conclusively that nothing could be further from the truth. OPEC has shown repeatedly that it is a fragile coalition riddled with crippling internal rivalries. In fact, without Saudi Arabia, OPEC probably would not exist today. The Saudis managed to sustain the appearance of a cartel between 1980 and 1985 only by steadily cutting their own production, from about 10 million barrels a day to below 3 million barrels a day.

Even in the unlikely event that OPEC can act in concert, it stretches credulity to assume that it will attempt to run oil prices up quickly and drastically. Like all the rest of us, OPEC's members saw what happened the last time they tried this, in 1979-80. What possible reason could they have to attempt such rapacious pricing again? It is difficult to conceive of the logic that would inspire them to wreck their market position for five years or so in return for the very short-term gain resulting from much higher prices. The more likely prospect is for gradual price increases roughly in step with inflation, as with hundreds of other consumer goods.

Besides the elasticity of supply to rising prices, there is another important elasticity that reduces the likelihood of energy problems in the future. This is the elasticity that comes from technological advances. Natural gas is a splendid example. Over the last ten years, the gas industry has developed a new generation of hardware for industrial users, commercial establishments, and homeowners. This new equipment offers much higher efficiencies in tasks as varied as steelmaking, cooking, water heating, and space heating. Ten years ago, residential gas furnaces were 50-60 percent efficient; the new models are over 90 percent efficient. Thanks to advances like these, residential demand for gas in the U.S. is expected to decline slowly through the end of the century, even though the number of homes using gas will increase. Similar developments are underway in electricity.

Finally, there are at least four other reasons why the U.S. is not likely to face a 1970s-style energy crisis again.

•First, the U.S. has a 515-million-barrel oil reserve today; it had no such cushion in the early 1970s.

•Second, major oil users—industry and power plants—are much more capable of switching from oil to other fuels like natural gas on very short notice. And, of course, the U.S. has natural gas aplenty. Atop the current surplus of three trillion cubic feet, there is another 1.2-2.5 Tcf a year of supply that can be brought into production within 12 months, according to the American Gas Association, a gas industry trade group.

•Third, growth in demand for all fuels today is markedly lower than it was in the early 1970s. Growth in electricity demand, for example, will never again approach the 7-percent-a-year pace of the 1960s and early 1970s. Electricity demand growth today is closer to two percent a year.

•And fourth, OPEC's members are unlikely to jeopardize their tenuous financial position. Unlike 1973-74, the OPEC countries' need for revenue from oil sales—either to sustain development or to finance depredations against their neighbors—is as great as America's need for oil. All but two of the OPEC members recorded current account deficits in 1986 and are expected to do the same this year. In this context, rising oil imports and embargoes are no threat.

In short, the U.S. does not face an imminent energy crisis or a threat to its security. Put another way, let's not be too eager to embrace ideas like oil import fees or other heroic measures that interfere with the market. In energy policy, "experience suggests that quick fixes often do more harm than good," says Robert Fri, president of Resources for the Future in Washington. "Because the fundamentals change slowly, mistakes are not soon discovered, nor soon repaired." □

NEW PUBLICATIONS on the Soviet Union, European Security, and Strategic Defense

Asymmetries in U.S. and Soviet Strategic Defense Programs: Implications for Near-Term American Deployment Options. By William A. Davis, Jr. 1986. ix, 70pp. $9.95. ISBN 0-08-034683-9.

Regional Security and Anti-Tactical Ballistic Missiles: Political and Technical Issues. By William A. Davis, Jr. 1986. xii, 47pp. $9.95. ISBN 0-08-035175-1.

The author of these studies, a former U.S. Army BMD program official, argues that the current focus of SDI research must be modified, so as to place greater emphasis on the development of near-term, rapidly deployable options for the defense of American strategic assets. This effort, which should concentrate on the development of a layered defense at the terminal and late mid-course phases of ballistic missile attack, is held to be a necessary response to the vast scale of Soviet offensive weapons development and to continuing Soviet research and development in the area of strategic defense. In the second volume, the author examines Soviet ATBM developments and the Soviet tactical missile threat, and assesses viable U.S. ATBM options in the near term, including nonnuclear air defense spinoffs from the current U.S. SDI program.

Strategic Defense and Extended Deterrence: A New Transatlantic Debate. By Jacquelyn K. Davis and Robert L. Pfaltzgraff, Jr. 1986. viii, 51pp. $8.00. ISBN 0-89549-070-6.

In this study of President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, the authors examine the relationship between SDI and air defense in the NATO-European security environment; the potential inherent in SDI technologies for conventional defense missions; the participation of allies in the American SDI program; the construction of alternative European frameworks within which to develop anti-tactical ballistic missile defenses; and the Soviet Union's own substantial research program in strategic defense.

The Soviet *Perspective on the* Strategic Defense Initiative. By Dmitry Mikheyev. 1987. xii, 88pp. $9.95. ISBN 0-08-035748-2.

This study of how the Soviet leadership views the U.S. SDI program does not rest on the *declarations of the Kremlin but on an analysis* of the Soviet political mentality and its influence on the Soviet worldview. The author assesses the technological, economic, political, and ideological implications of the SDI program, likely Soviet reactions to these challenges, and the role SDI might play in the context of a larger U.S. strategy. Dr. Mikheyev, born in the Soviet Union in 1941, received his Ph.D. in Physics from the Moscow State University, was arrested by the KGB and formally charged with treason, served a six-year sentence in a labor camp for political dissidents, was expelled in 1979, and has become an American citizen.

SDI: Has America Told Her Story to the World? By Dean Godson. 1987. xv, 60pp. $9.95. ISBN 0-08-035956-6.

A special IFPA Panel on Public Diplomacy analyzes official and public reactions to the U.S. Strategic Defense Initiative in Western Europe; examines the inadequate U.S. efforts to gain public acceptance for SDI abroad; and recommends specific public diplomacy programs to explain the nature and purpose of SDI in order to win public support in Western Europe for this important Reagan Administration policy. The members of this Panel are Evan G. Galbraith, Charles M. Lichenstein, Gale W. McGee, John P. Roche, Richard H. Shultz, John R. Silber, and Richard B. Stone.

Orders for these books may be addressed to the Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis, 675 Massachusetts Avenue, *10th Floor, Dept. S-2,* Cambridge, MA 02139-3396. Please include payment, plus postage and handling charges (to addresses in U.S. and Canada, $1.00 per book; all other countries, $2.00 per book).

Naval Forces and *Western Security.* By Francis J. West, Jr., Jacquelyn K. Davis, James E. Dougherty, Robert J. Hanks, and Charles M. Perry. 1987. xi, 56pp. $9.95. ISBN 0-08-035543-9.

NATO's Maritime Strategy: Issues and Developments. By Norman Friedman, E. F. Gueritz, Clarence A. Robinson, and William R. Van Cleave. 1987. xii, 79pp. $9.95. ISBN 0-08-035544-7.

NATO's Flanks: Problems and Prospects. By Donald C. Daniel, Marcel Duval, H.F. Zeiner-Gundersen, Sergio A. Rossi, Gael D. Tarleton, and Milan Vego. 1987. xii, 90pp. $9.95. ISBN 0-08-035545-5.

Recent developments, both in Soviet naval capabilities and Western force postures, have brought renewed attention and analysis to the maritime aspects of NATO security. These volumes, comprised of papers authored by American and European analysts, consider the strategic, operational, and technological *impact of the resurgence of naval affairs in* Western defense planning.

The Crisis of Communism: Its Meaning, Origins, and Phases. By Rett R. Ludwikowski. 1986. xii, 79pp. $9.95. ISBN 0-08-034496-8.

Professor Ludwikowski, formerly Professor of Law and Politics at the Jagiellonian University in Cracow, Poland, who left Poland in 1982, examines the economic stagnation, moral decay, social unrest, and bureaucratic inefficiency of communist systems, with special attention to the situation in Poland. He traces the crisis of communism back to the practices and institutions of the Lenin and Stalin eras, and asserts that there is a growing awareness within the communist *bloc that the defects of the system are irre-*mediable since they reside in the inherent nature of the communist system.

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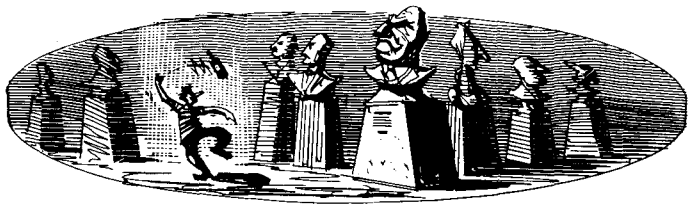


SAM MISSILE

by Fred Barnes

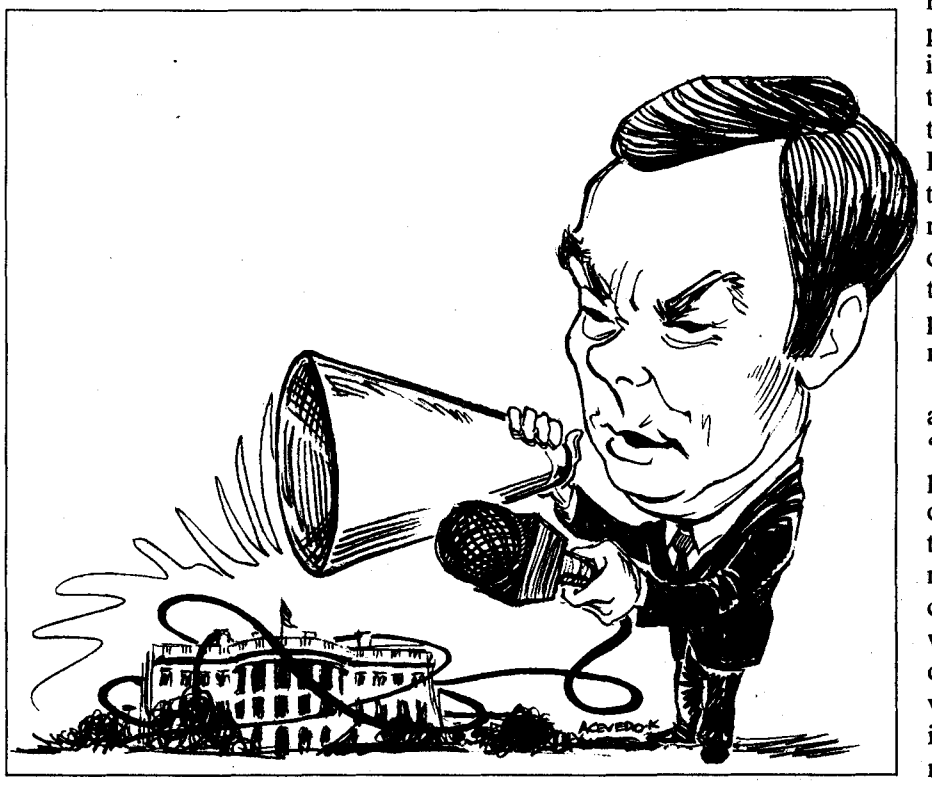
Once upon a time I thought I had Sam Donaldson nailed. I've known him for years, going back to the time he covered Jimmy Carter's presidential campaign in 1976. Yes, he was obstreperous then, maybe even more than now because he was still struggling to the top rung of TV journalism. Anyway, I'd never dealt with him on television, live, until the evening before President Reagan's press conference last March. Sam, eager to push his new book,[1] had agreed to appear on "Crossfire," the nightly political show on Cable News Network. I was one of the hosts, and my job was to make things hot for Donaldson.

I figured I could set the perfect trap. Like any Washington journalist, Sam was certain to be against the practice, attributed to White House staffs from time to time, of planting softball questions with reporters for their boss. Fine. I agree you shouldn't plant questions. Sam was in the midst of a book tour, and I'd come across an interesting document that his publisher was sending around to radio and TV interviewers. It was a list of suggested questions that might be popped to Sam, questions about his White House coverage, his journalistic reputation, his wife, and so on. Sam, I concluded from this, was planting questions, or at least his publisher was and he was a co-conspirator.

My plan was to catch him in an act of high hypocrisy. I got off to a good start when he dutifully denounced planted questions at presidential press conferences, noting that to his knowledge the practice didn't happen much. Then, I brandished the document from his publisher. I waved it in front of the TV camera. Well, Sam, what about it? How can you criticize planted questions and then plant them yourself? Sam didn't miss a beat. There was no stunned look on his face. Nonplused, he wasn't. I don't remember exactly what his answer was, but the point is he just kept talking. If I'd nailed him, he surely didn't act nailed. Worse, later that night, I called a few people who might have seen the show. As we chatted, not one of them mentioned how I'd gotten Sam. And worst of all, when I asked specifically about the episode, one of them said, "Oh, Sam had a pretty good answer." Sadly, I concluded that Sam had slipped my trap, and had done so rather effortlessly.

It's not by accident that Sam Donaldson, the senior White House correspondent for ABC News, is the most well-known journalist in Washington (columnist Robert Novak is a close second). Sam is very clever and very loud. If he's in the same room with you, you'll hear him. Once while covering the Carter campaign in 1976, I went to dinner with some reporters in Cleveland. Sam was at the same restaurant. I know because I heard the ruckus when he fell over backwards in his chair. Even out of doors, you hear him. Sam has perfected the question that is shouted to a President over noise and other distractions. And I don't for a moment blame Sam for shouting questions. During a Carter trip to Mexico in 1979, I was in an early morning press pool with Sam when the President went to a fancy palace for a meeting. The night before, Carter had remarked as part of a formal toast about having suffered from Montezuma's Revenge the last time he'd come to Mexico. That morning, Sam bellowed some question —how's your plumbing today, Mr. President, or something like that—to Carter. Good question. You should have seen the look on Carter's face. But the real reason I don't fault Sam for shouting questions is that Presidents often answer them. If Ronald Reagan doesn't want Sam to ask him questions at "photo opportunities" or when he's walking to his helicopter on the South Lawn, then he ought to stop answering them. After a bit, Sam and other reporters will stop yelling. Trust me.

Sam is a very good reporter. Lots of conservatives consider him an anti-Reagan zealot because the questions he asks Reagan are impolite, mean, or insulting. But Sam wasn't much nicer to Carter, and I don't remember any conservatives complaining then. Sam, in fact, is in one sense an old-fashioned reporter. He likes hard news, not squishy features or mood pieces that often get on the network news shows now. In his book, every word of which he appears to have written himself, Sam is highly critical of "a sort of Gresham's law of the airways, soft news driving out hard." In his view, a White House reporter should stick with the President wherever he goes, listening to every word of every speech, watching every fleeting walk between Air Force One and limousine, and tossing a question the President's way at every opportunity. Sam has resisted the notion that he should skip presidential events and work on long analytical pieces instead of spot news. He's right. Besides, many of his questions are good.



My problem with Sam is twofold. First, his concept of a reporter's role in this world is inflated and wrong. Second, he's not quite the unbiased reporter he (honestly) thinks he is. Jody Powell, in his book *The Other Side of the Story*, points out what's wrong with the attitude of the press in Washington: it frequently takes on the role of the opposition party. "The job of the press, it seems to me, is to accurately report the arguments of both sides and to try to keep them reasonably honest," Powell says. "It is most decidedly not the job of reporters to make the arguments for either side." Sam and many of his colleagues act toward a President the way that partisans of the out-of-power party act toward the prime minister in a parliamentary system.

Sam comes pretty close to admitting as much. He talks favorably about the "adversarial" relationship between press and President. "Our job is to challenge the president, challenge him to explain policy, justify decisions, reveal intentions for the future, and comment on a host of matters about which his views are of general concern," he writes. Since Presidents don't willingly confess their faults, Sam says it's his job to stress them. "I'm a reporter trying to find out who did

[1] *Hold On, Mr. President!* Random House, $17.95.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

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botch what, where, when, why, and how and what's on the front burner for possible botching tomorrow." At another point, Sam describes himself as a "district attorney." At still another, he praises a veteran White House reporter for "taking dead aim" at Presidents.

Reporters ought not be shills for Presidents, but this adversarial business has gotten out of hand. Sam and others think it's their job to try to knock down whatever rationale a President offers for a policy. It's hard running a country with a press corps like that. Ask Jimmy Carter what factor played the biggest part in destroying his presidency and driving him from office in 1980. He'll tell you the press. Sam also thinks reporters should make political campaigns conform to a particular mode. The 1984 Reagan campaign didn't, in his view, since the President wouldn't answer enough "tough" questions. "Even though reporters made certain the public understood the nature of the Reagan campaign, that didn't help smoke the candidate himself out of hiding and into the public debate," Sam moans. But so long as the press accurately characterized the Reagan campaign and reported what the President said or didn't say, what more needed to be done? It isn't the proper job of reporters to do any more than this. Maybe I'm being old-fashioned. On this, Sam isn't.

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Sam describes himself as something of a centrist, largely apolitical, and certainly no partisan. He says he voted for Barry Goldwater in 1964 and has voted for Republican and Democratic candidates alike since then. In truth, Sam is a perfect example of the predominant type of reporter in Washington. He is not an ideological person, but he usually operates off the liberal agenda. When his opinions pop up in *Hold On, Mr. President!* they usually turn out to be liberal. They are also shallow, and he is extraordinarily unreflective about them. By 1966 or 1967, he says, he was "already convinced we were fighting the wrong war" in Vietnam. Nothing seems to have caused him to reconsider that opinion, not the boat people, not the Cambodian holocaust, not the clear evidence that the American press misreported the pivotal military engagement of the war, the Tet offensive. Sam has the usual knee-jerk thoughts on Richard Nixon. It was "a thrilling moment" when the House Judiciary Committee adopted an impeachment article against Nixon, he recalls. Sam says Carter's record on foreign policy is "quite good." He likes the SALT II treaty with the Soviets, calling it "a step forward in imposing limits on the arms race." The best he can say about the Reagan presidency *before* the Iran arms scandal broke is that "the country as a whole wasn't doing badly on the surface." And so on. Sam's book supplies ample evidence of the kind of political tilt—neither unswerving nor deeply rooted but by and large liberal—that typifies the Washington press corps and shapes coverage. Of course, Sam doesn't see any tilt at all. He has a blind spot. Like so many other reporters, he assumes his views are smack at the center and don't affect his coverage in any event. Wrong on both counts.

Sam may be a blowhard, but he is reasonably self-effacing. Perhaps he learned the trait from Reagan, who knows how to handle Sam. Unlike me, the President once managed to nail him. Sam, a militant non-smoker, approached Reagan one day and asked if people puffed smoke in his face in the Cabinet Room. No way, Reagan said. Then, Sam declared, you'll want to stop people from blowing smoke on me in the press room. Reagan rose to the occasion. "You can always carry around one of those little portable fans to blow it away, like Larry Hagman," the President said. Good line. Wish I'd thought of it. □

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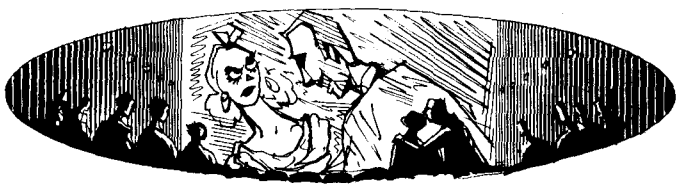

RAISING COEN

by Bruce Bawer

H. I. "Hi" McDunnough (Nicolas Cage), the goofball protagonist of the hilarious offbeat comedy *Raising Arizona*, is not only a crook: he's a hapless, pathetic small-time crook, a crook with no imagination at all who keeps getting caught for holding up convenience stores—and who keeps getting paroled, after a few months in the slammer, because he never uses live ammo. About his recidivism, Hi (who narrates the first ten minutes or so of the film) tells us, "I tried to stand up and fly right, but it wasn't easy with that sumbitch Reagan in the White House. I don't know, he seems like a nice man. Maybe he has bad advisors."

This refusal to take responsibility for his own actions is characteristic not only of Hi but of everyone around him. The world of this film—which was produced by Ethan Coen, directed by Joel Coen, and written by both of the celebrated young brothers, who were previously responsible for the stunning *Blood Simple*—is a world whose denizens, amoral, selfish, stupid, and tacky though they be, are nonetheless highly conversant with the current clichés and jargon of pop politics, pop psychology, and pop sociology; they've been educated not to behave virtuously but to transfer blame, to get in touch with their feelings, to "like themselves." At the Tempe, Arizona, "maximum security facility" to which he keeps returning, for instance, Hi is part of an encounter group at which a huge, evil-looking con articulates his feeling that he is a woman trapped inside a man's body. So it goes.

The third and last time that he gets paroled, Hi marries Edwina, a.k.a. Ed (Holly Hunter), a corrections officer, and they move into a "starter home in suburban Tempe"—i.e., a mobile home in the middle of the desert. Hi takes a factory job drilling holes in metal. "These were the happy days," Hi tells us, while we watch him and Ed eat dinner from TV trays in an awful little paneled room filled with black velvet paintings, "the salad days, as they say." But one horrible circumstance threatens their perfect bliss. They want a baby, but Ed is barren, and the adoption agencies won't give them a child because of Hi's prison record. (As Hi puts it, "Biology and the prejudices of others conspired to make us childless.") A despondent Ed loses "all interest in both criminal justice and housekeeping."

It is at about this time that Nathan Arizona (Trey Wilson), the smarmy owner of Unpainted Arizona, a heavily advertised store that sells unpainted furniture, becomes the father of five babies—the "Arizona quints," Harry, Barry, Garry, Larry, and Nathan, Jr. Hi, watching the news reports of the infants' birth, decides that it's unfair for Nathan Arizona to have five babies when he and Ed cannot even have one—so, urged on by Ed, who has quit her corrections job, he sneaks into the nursery of the Arizona house and purloins Nathan, Jr. (though neither he nor the baby's father is ever really certain that this one *is* Nathan, Jr.). They take the baby back to their mobile home, where Hi has strung up a banner reading WELCOME HOME SON, and Hi sets up a camera to take a portrait of his new family (or, as he puts it, "family unit").

But the kidnapping of Nathan, Jr.—whom both Hi and Ed, characteristically, continue to refer to by that name—doesn't restore their bliss. On the contrary. Hi is racked with guilt, troubled by nightmares of a vengeful, monstrous, death-dealing "Lone Biker of the Apocalypse." Moreover, complications ensue almost immediately in the form of the arrival, at Hi and Ed's home, of two pals of Hi's, Gale and Neville, who have escaped from the Tempe prison and want shelter—and who are puzzled as to why Ed isn't breast-feeding her baby. ("Ma'am," Gale explains gently, "if you don't breast-feed him he'll hate you for it. That's why we ended up in prison.") Then there's Hi's awful Polish-joke-telling boss, Glenn, who recognizes Hi and Ed's baby from the TV news and threatens to turn them in unless they give the baby to him and his wife, Dot, who have been wanting another youngster (they already have half a dozen or so). And finally there's that death-dealing biker, who turns out not to be a figment of Hi's guilty imagination after all, but rather a professional manhunter named Leonard Smalls, who's out to find Nathan, Jr., and sell him to the highest bidder. Though all of these characters eventually find out, then, that Hi and Ed are kidnappers, it never occurs to any of them to do the right thing and return the baby to his parents. Everybody's got an angle, and before the film is over, Nathan, Jr., has been kidnapped and re-kidnapped five times over.

Though *Blood Simple* was a murder drama and *Raising Arizona* is a farce, the two films have a great deal in common. Both are set in the Southwest, whose dry climate and open spaces reflect the moral aridity and intellectual vacuity of the films' charac-

Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer and the author of* The Middle Generation *and* The Contemporary Stylist.

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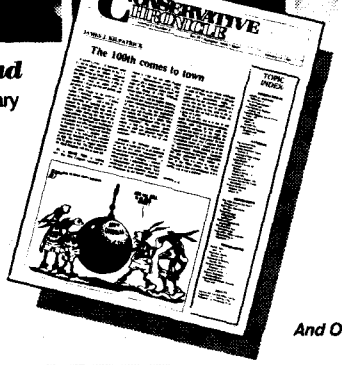

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ters. Both films are about people matter-of-factly committing outrageous crimes (in *Blood Simple*, a man hires someone to murder his wife in cold blood); in both films, criminals betray each other, and violence begets violence. Both films, indeed, are gruesomely, grotesquely violent, violent to the point of hilarity, like a Monty Python movie. (The most memorable sequence in *Blood Simple*—in which a man has to reach out of one window and into another, in the next room, to remove a knife that has been plunged through the wall and into his hand—has a very similar counterpart in *Raising Arizona*.) Like some of the Python movies, moreover, the films of the Coen brothers, for all their absurdity, nevertheless reflect an acute and pained awareness of the evil of which human beings are capable.

But to go on too long about such matters would be to suggest that the film is more serious than it is. In the main, *Raising Arizona* is a top-notch screwball comedy. Perhaps the funniest sequence is one that begins when Hi and Ed drop by a convenience store to buy some Huggies for Nathan, Jr., and Hi, unable to resist the temptation, holds up the joint. The ensuing chase—complete with police cars, a vicious watch dog, and a pimple-faced counterboy who turns out to be far more bloodthirsty than Hi ever was—builds wonderfully, has a terrific pace, and is as elegantly choreographed as a Balanchine ballet. (Nicolas Cage, it should be said, is far more effective here than in his uncle Francis's *Peggy Sue Got Married*; one is almost tempted to say that Cage was born to play Hi McDunnough—a frightening thought.)

Another particularly funny sequence is the one in which Gale and Neville, having found out Nathan, Jr.'s true identity, tie up Hi and make off with the baby, determined to hold him for ransom. Yet they're not completely evil: when they stop to rob a bank, they're conscientious enough not to leave the baby alone in the car for five minutes—so they drag him, car seat and all, into the bank with them. Soon afterwards, when they just miss losing Nathan, Jr., due to a foolish mishap, Gale and Neville weep tears of relief and Gale decides that they'll never give him up: "He's our little Gale, Jr., now."

One of the things that separate this movie from the typical witless and pallid contemporary film comedy is its plethora of wacky, weird details: the vulgar five-baby wooden crib, for instance, in the Arizona nursery, on which the boys' names are printed over their respective heads; the sign reading FARM SUBSIDY CHECKS CASHED HERE in the rural bank that Gale and Neville rob; the Mondale-Ferraro sticker on Gale and Neville's car. Another delightful aspect of the film is that the Coen brothers make fun not only of contemporary American manners and morals but of contemporary American film: *Raising Arizona* is full of camera moves and angles that parody the visual clichés of *Friday the Thirteenth* and *Halloween* type movies, as well as of Steven Spielberg. *Raising Arizona* is not a work of genius, by any means, but it is inspired and inventive throughout—and this alone places it head and shoulders above most of the comedy films of the day. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

COMPETITIVE URGES

by John A. Barnes

The TV ad shows a middle-aged man—presumably a laid-off blue-collar worker—huddled under a blanket. "Something could have been done back in '87," he says disgustedly. But apparently nothing was and the result, we surmise, was disaster for America. "It's a damn shame," he declares. Then, at the fade-out, the logo of the United Auto Workers flashes on the screen and a voiceover warns: "We need a tough trade policy!"

The idea is catching. "No more Mr. Nice Guy," blares *Forbes* magazine. "For going on forty years, the U.S. has been sacrificing national interest to the bigger cause of keeping the Free World prosperous. Simple arithmetic says the party is over."

Exactly what sacrifice the editors of *Forbes* are talking about is not immediately clear, since during those forty years the U.S. has without question been the most prosperous country in the world. Nevertheless, 'tis the season to be a pessimist, especially inside Washington. In 1980, it is pointed out, America was the world's largest creditor nation, with over $150 billion in outstanding loans. By the end of next year, we will be the largest debtor, owing perhaps as much as $500 billion around the world—easily eclipsing Brazil.

For as long as the dollar appeared to be overvalued on world markets, the growing trade deficit could be safely dismissed as nothing more than a phase. But even after Treasury Secretary James Baker succeeded in forcing down the value of the dollar, the deficit continued to grow; and now the doomsayers are arguing that there is something structurally wrong with the U.S. economy: Reaganomics is built on a house of promissory notes, and the 1980s will be remembered as the last spree before the start of our post-imperial decline.

The list of complaints seems endless. American cars need 3.5 repairs a year compared with 1.1 for Japanese cars. The U.S. is the king of technological inventiveness but cannot exploit its own discoveries—the VCR, for example, was invented on these shores, but it took the Japanese to market it. The best graduates of the elite schools shun manufacturing for the glamour of high finance and the law, choking the country with litigation and accounting tricks that prop up dying corporations.

Thus the Democrats, joined by some in the business community and organized labor, have discovered "competitiveness," a wonderful term that can mean almost anything to anybody. For business, it means labor working longer hours for lower wages; for the education lobby, it means higher salaries for teachers; for scientists, it means more government grants for "basic research"; for big labor, it means "managed trade" and a "level playing field."

Now none of this is intended to suggest the dreaded *p*-word—"protectionism." Everybody, it seems, admits that the protectionist Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act strangled world commerce and largely brought about the Great Depression. "Nobody here wants protectionism," says South Carolina Republican Strom Thurmond. "We just want to keep out a few imports, that's all." Restricting those imports, of course, would hurt consumers. But Congress is responding to different pressures. The interests affected by those "excess" imports are large and often concentrated in congressional districts. Consumers, on the other hand, are an amorphous breed, dispersed around the country and largely uninterested, as a class, in the ramifications of trade policy.

A few examples, however, show the hidden damage of the "competitiveness" obsession. Early in this decade, "free trader" Ronald Reagan slapped a "voluntary quota" on the number of Japanese cars that could be imported into this country. The idea was to allow the inefficient and unresponsive U.S. auto industry to get back on its feet. The quotas stayed on for nearly five years and undoubtedly saved jobs. But Robert Crandall of the Brookings Institution estimates that during that period consumers paid about $1,500 more per car, thanks to the quotas. Each job "saved" cost something like $150,000, money that won't go to create other jobs in other sectors of the economy.

Then there's textiles. Keeping out lower-cost shirts and dresses made in the Far East may save a few jobs in North Carolina (where the unemployment rate is something like four percent). Meanwhile the poor (especially) end up having to shell out more for their clothes.

But the competitiveness boys are trying to make larger points as well. It is certainly true, as they say, that the U.S. economy has been undergoing

John A. Barnes is chief editorial writer for the Boston Herald.

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a major change during the Reagan years. In 1980, the U.S. had a $13 billion surplus in manufactured goods, which had turned into a $145 billion deficit by last year. The computer market, supposedly the salvation of the American industrial economy, is now 25 percent held by foreign makers; in 1980, the figure was seven percent. And so on. The cause of this, though, is not a malaise in American capitalism, or an abundance of slothful workers and incompetent managers. If anything, it is precisely the opposite.

The U.S. economy has boomed these last few years, creating 12 million new jobs since 1983. Western Europe has not created one since 1974. Productivity in the last six years has been the highest in our history, rising at a stunning 24.3 percent, far outclassing Japan's performance. The U.S. also has the highest rate of employment in its history, with 61 percent of Americans over sixteen holding jobs. That's the nub of the problem: high U.S. growth while the economies of our trading partners have been lagging.

"If anything, Japan has become a little less protectionist," says Max Destler of the Institute of International Economics. IBM, for example, is the largest retailer of computers in Japan. Unfortunately, U.S. manufacturers often do little to tailor their products to the Japanese market, in contrast to the prodigious market research the Japanese do before introducing a product here.

In comparing the U.S. with Japan the protectionist lobby ignores the very major differences between the two economies. There is no secret to what the Japanese have been doing since the end of World War II: they have been starving their domestic economy in the interest of exporting everything they can as cheaply as they can. The same Japanese-made goods that are cheap in this country cost a good deal more in their land of origin. That is why the barriers to imported goods are often so frustrating to navigate: the Japanese want their people to buy mostly their own goods in order to subsidize them for cheap export.

The U.S., by contrast, has never been a big exporter of manufactured goods. Almost from its beginning, the U.S. exported raw materials and agricultural goods and directed its manufacturing sector almost exclusively towards the domestic market. Americans bought the goods out of patriotism or convenience. Our export of manufactured goods in the postwar age was an advantage that grew artificially out of World War II, when the U.S. was the only going concern around. To try to fashion policies that would somehow return the U.S. to that sort of dominance is just misplaced nostalgia, and dangerous nostalgia at that.

But as so often happens when we are warned of looming public policy disasters, the problem has begun to resolve itself just as the debate reaches a crescendo. The trade deficit is in fact shrinking, and the demagogues must be held at the gates a few months longer before they can do anything that will wreck this happy situation.

Because imports go up in price faster than Americans stop buying them, there is a lag of as much as eighteen months before more expensive American goods become competitive again and people start buying those. There's no question that Secretary Baker's effort to drive down the value of the dollar over the last year and a half has resulted in the worst trade deficit figures in history—a record $60 billion with Japan and nearly $25 billion with the European Community. But since Panasonic stereos, for example, will soon be more expensive than American-made ones, we are reaching the bottom of a "J" curve that will soon start on the way back up. The deficit has been showing declines in recent

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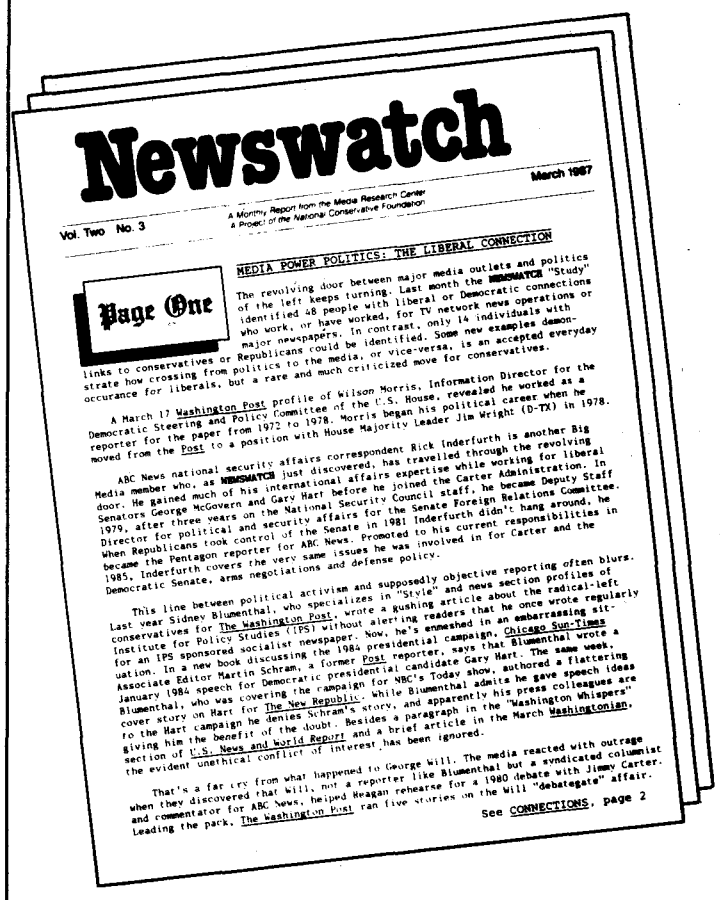
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March 1987
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A Monthly Report from the Media Research Center
A Project of the National Conservative Foundation
Page One
MEDIA POWER POLITICS: THE LIBERAL CONNECTION
The revolving door between major media outlets and politics of the left keeps turning. Last month the NEWSWATCH "Study" identified 48 people with liberal or Democratic connections who work, or have worked, for TV network news operations or major newspapers. In contrast, only 14 individuals with links to conservatives or Republicans could be identified. Some new examples demonstrate how crossing from politics to the media, or vice-versa, is an accepted everyday occurance for liberals, but a rare and much criticized move for conservatives.
A March 17 Washington Post profile of Wilson Morris, Information Director for the Democratic Steering and Policy Committee of the U.S. House, revealed he worked as a reporter for the paper from 1972 to 1978. Morris began his political career when he moved from the Post to a position with House Majority Leader Jim Wright (D-TX) in 1978.
ABC News national security affairs correspondent Rick Inderfurth is another Big Media member who, as NEWSWATCH just discovered, has travelled through the revolving door. He gained much of his international affairs expertise while working for liberal Senators George McGovern and Gary Hart before he joined the Carter Administration. In 1979, after three years on the National Security Council staff, he became Deputy Staff Director for political and security affairs for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. When Republicans took control of the Senate in 1981 Inderfurth didn't hang around. He became the Pentagon reporter for ABC News. Promoted to his current responsibilities in 1985, Inderfurth covers the very same issues he was involved in for Carter and the Democratic Senate, arms negotiations and defense policy.
This line between political activism and supposedly objective reporting often blurs. Last year Sidney Blumenthal, who specializes in "Style" and news section profiles of conservatives for The Washington Post, wrote a gushing article about the radical-left Institute for Policy Studies (IPS) without alerting readers that he once wrote regularly for an IPS sponsored socialist newspaper. Now, he's enmeshed in an embarrassing situation. In a new book discussing the 1984 presidential campaign, Chicago Sun-Times Associate Editor Martin Schram, a former Post reporter, says that Blumenthal wrote a January 1984 speech for Democratic presidential candidate Gary Hart. The same week, Blumenthal, who was covering the campaign for NBC's Today show, authored a flattering cover story on Hart for The New Republic. While Blumenthal admits he gave speech ideas to the Hart campaign he denies Schram's story, and apparently his press colleagues are giving him the benefit of the doubt. Besides a paragraph in the "Washington Whispers" section of U.S. News and World Report and a brief article in the March Washingtonian, the evident unethical conflict of interest has been ignored.
That's a far cry from what happened to George Will. The media reacted with outrage when they discovered that Will, not a reporter like Blumenthal but a syndicated columnist and commentator for ABC News, helped Reagan rehearse for a 1980 debate with Jimmy Carter. Leading the pack, The Washington Post ran five stories on the Will "debategate" affair.
See CONNECTIONS, page 2

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months. (Figures showing increases in the trade deficit are almost always revised downward a few months after their release, when no one is watching.) The 1988 trade deficit, assuming Congress does nothing to botch things up, could be as low as $100 billion, down from the current $178 billion.

Such an analysis, if correct, undercuts the entire protectionist argument that the American economy requires structural changes which only Democrats and their allies can identify and bring about. Consequently they are rushing to pass a protectionist trade bill before the news gets any better. The "Gephardt Amendment," which actually passed the House last year, would have imposed punitive sanctions on any nation that ran a consistent trade surplus with the U.S. Fortunately, the Republican Senate said nix. Now that brake is gone. Anything could happen this year, and Reagan will have to have his veto pen ready.

Unfortunately, the Administration has been wobbling like a gyroscope on this issue. In his State of the Union address, Reagan talked tough about not being "trade patsies" to the rest of the world and even threatened to impose massive import restrictions on European wines and cheeses. That was averted, but the Administration has also offered its own "competitiveness" package that would give the Democrats blocks to build on. While these efforts are meant to undercut the opposition's arguments, they also have the effect of undermining the Administration's ability to say no when a protectionist bill is finally passed. Slapping tariffs on Japanese goods for the first time since World War II, as Reagan did in April, also indicates the Administration may be starting to believe its own rhetoric.

Free traders in both parties should counter-attack. For starters, they could point out ways the U.S. shoots itself in the foot on trade issues. Japan, for example, would love to buy Alaskan crude oil. It is much closer to home and a far more reliable supply than that from the Persian Gulf. A federal law passed back during the height of the "energy crisis" in 1973, however, forbids the sale of Alaskan oil overseas. Raw U.S. timber also cannot be sold to Japan, despite its desire to buy. The repeal of these two laws could slash the trade deficit with Japan by as much as a third.

Government is very limited in what it can do to make uncompetitive industries competitive again. Devising a cure for a problem whose origins are so long standing and diffuse is both impossible and dangerous. In the 1950s and 1960s, the U.S. was able to raise its labor costs almost with impunity because it had little or no competition. But once Japanese steel and automakers could produce higher quality products at less labor cost and with more modern equipment, the U.S. steel and auto industries had to adapt. To a large extent they did not; workers in these areas paid with their jobs. The surviving, slimmed-down industries, however, are becoming more competitive, largely because of intense foreign competition. This is another advantage that may be lost if imports are shut out.

The most government can do is to create as favorable a climate as possible for economic growth. The 1981 tax cuts, combined with last year's tax reform, and the big slowdowns in inflation and government spending are all solid accomplishments of the Reagan years. Improvement is coming, but the changes will be slow and gradual. Meanwhile, the competitiveness bandwagon provides excellent cover for business and labor groups seeking special advantages from government. The temptation to grant them must be resisted, or we may well end up worse off than when we started. □

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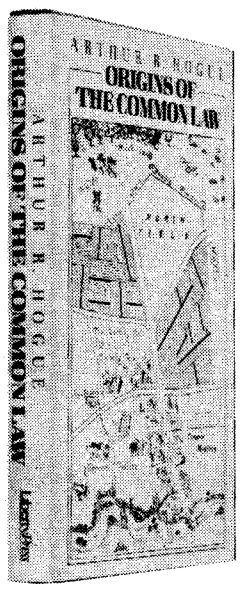

ORIGINS OF THE COMMON LAW

By Arthur R. Hogue

First published in 1966 by Indiana University Press, Arthur R. Hogue's *Origins of the Common Law* looks at the deep medieval roots of our legal system during the early formative period of the common law. Between 1154 and 1307, from the reign of Henry II to that of Edward I, common law experienced a spectacular growth as a legal system enforced in the English Royal Courts. Paraphrasing Professor Hogue: in the form of writs, judicial decisions, treatises, royal ordinances, and parliamentary statutes, the common law, in large part the definition of established customs, emerged into explicit written form and formal procedure to order better such ordinary relationships among Englishmen as those between landlord and tenant, merchant and money lender, and buyer and seller.

In his final chapter, "From Medieval Law to Modern Law," Hogue concludes, "The rule of law, the development of law by means of judicial precedents, the use of the jury to determine the material facts of a case, and the definition of numerous causes of action—these form the principal and valuable legacy of the medieval law to the modern law." And one might add, to the growth of the concept of liberty as well.

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HARRY'S ON HANOVER SQUARE

by Joe Mysak

We eat and drink light, or "lite," now, "grazing" on dishes resembling nothing so much as what used to be called hors d'oeuvres, nibbling on nouvelle primitive cuisine served in inordinately large plates. This way to the salad bar, gentlemen, and easy on the dressing, if you please!

Such simpering behavior in males not nominally dancers, hairdressers, florists, and fashion designers is unseemly, although today's media elites will never say so, so afraid are they of being accused of insensitivity. But it was a surprise to see such pop eating crack the ranks of Wall Street, where I work, and where such giants as J. P. Morgan and Jay Gould plied their trade. Bad enough was an invitation to a dainty *patisserie* from a colleague; worse was when another began to declaim on the wonders and benefits of some Guatemalan or Peruvian vegetarian diet.

"All well and good for Third Worlders," I told him. "Empire builders do not live on beans and greens. When was the last creative suggestion or actual idea, invention or art work, to come out of Guatemala? Western Civilization, which has been entrusted to our hands, cannot survive on wood-meat and berries." I added that I was off to a lunch at Harry's, and so would be back a little late.

The dash to Harry's at Hanover Square, a few blocks south of Wall Street, has been made from my office, even by my Marlin Fitzwater–like body, in one minute and 53 seconds, and has been covered in three minutes from Merrill Lynch Capital Markets, 3.5 minutes from Dean Witter Reynolds, 3.8 from Shearson Lehman Brothers, and a flat 46 seconds from Salomon Brothers. The pace is no doubt quickened by the necessity of passing gourmet salad bars, and croissant and quiche shops, which despite the early hour already have long queues of customers clamoring for their tender wares, queues to make a Byelorussian blush with recognition. The perils of the journey make the arrival at your destination the sweeter.

Harry's at Hanover Square (no relation to any other Harry's besides the one in the catacombs of the Woolworth Building) is located in the bottom of the India House, a landmark Anglo-Italianate brownstone built in 1852, which once housed the Cotton Exchange. The India House was remodeled in 1924 as a businessmen's club, heavy on the Clipper ship memorabilia and overstuffed leather furnishings. Downstairs at Harry's, however, is where the action takes place.

To be sure, it is not a place to get gently stewed: the roar by 12:20 rivals the New York Stock Exchange. Still, it is eminently civilized, with none of the corruptions of the modern age, featuring dark paneling, stained glass windows, and a large, rectangular wooden bar, unadorned except for a brass rail. There are almost thirty tables in the barroom, covered with red tablecloths. I seem to recall the presence of some gold drapes, taken either from the Czar's summer palace or the set of the old Jackie Gleason show. And overhead is an original pressed-tin ceiling, no potted plants, and a pair of *Bond Buyer Wire* machines, the municipal bond equivalent of a stock ticker, for Harry's is favored by the municipal bond crowd: dealers, underwriters, traders, salesmen, analysts. And reporters. The only other piece of decoration in the bar at Harry's—which is the heart of the place—is a painting by Leroy Nieman, the sports artist, of the bar at Harry's.

Professionals invariably stop at the bar for a cocktail or two before lunch, and here again, an appreciation of the classic abides. Bartenders Danny, Jerry, and John are masters of the craft. They pour freehand, and liberally, and use individual splits of mixers instead of the plastic guns that have infected every saloon in the Republic, from the greatest to the meanest. The bartenders are amiable, and chatty, and know the regulars. Even the bar snack is right: crocks of sharp cheddar and bread. The price of the drinks, under $3, is not an insult, and downright inexpensive in a city known for making its populace pay for the privilege. The Beck's on tap is excellent, but the Dewar's moves fastest.

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(continued on page 47)

Joe Mysak is assistant managing editor of the daily Bond Buyer.

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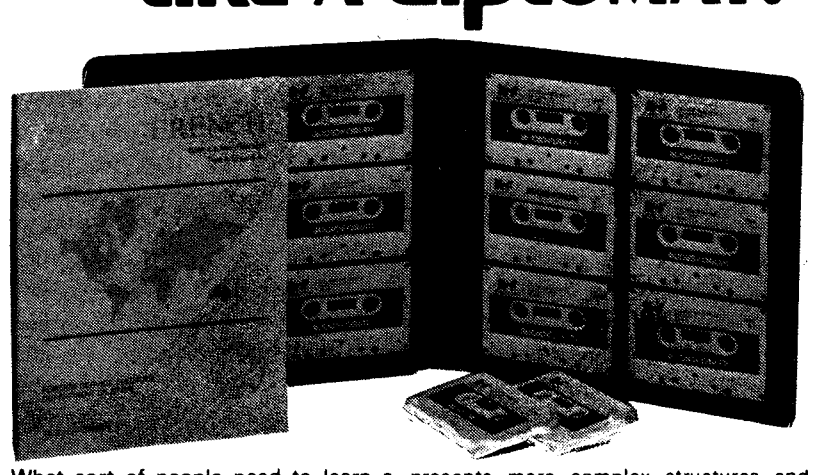

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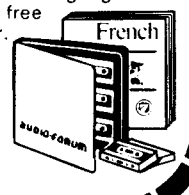

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BOOK REVIEWS

OUT OF STEP: AN UNQUIET LIFE IN THE 20TH CENTURY

Sidney Hook/Harper & Row/$29.95

William McGurn

Early this spring the *New York Times* published an op-ed piece by Sidney Hook on the ethical dilemmas in treating the critically ill. The subject holds more than theoretical interest for Hook, in that a few years back he suffered a heart attack, the treatment of which triggered a stroke. In the gray pages of the *Times* he described how, during a lucid moment, he pleaded with the doctor to end the agony. As might be expected in an article of this genre, the good doctor refused, the patient went on to make a satisfactory recovery, and, as he notes, the case is used as an argument against honoring requests by other patients *in extremis*. As also might be expected for those familiar with Hook, the gist of his article was to disagree: the doctor, he insists, ought to have let him die.

The incident is mentioned in the author's just-published memoirs, *Out of Step*. In nearly any other writer such a title would be an expression of vanity, but in the case of a man who indicts his doctor for having kept him alive it is an understatement. Nor is this nonconformity the outcome of any desire to *épater le bourgeois*; to the contrary, dissent for dissent's sake he forthrightly labels "mindless." It is simply the record, which shows Hook "prematurely antiwar in 1917-21, prematurely antifascist, prematurely a Communist fellow-traveller, prematurely an anticommunist, prematurely, in radical circles, a supporter of the war against Hitler, prematurely a cold warrior against Stalin's effort to extend the Gulag Archipelago, prematurely against the policy of détente and appeasement, prematurely for a national civil-rights program against all forms of discrimination, including reverse discrimination."

Whatever the merits of the particular case he might have been advancing at any given time, Hook has never stood accused of an unwillingness to put principle above self. Of course (as he would be the first to concede), this can have disastrous consequences if the principles themselves are not sound. The author's life, therefore, has been a constant testing of principles against reason and experience, and it exhibits a concomitant willingness to amend an initial assessment when that is the upshot of the exercise. Obversely, as the *Times* piece attests, he has also been willing to stick to his beliefs in the absence of any new objective evidence to the contrary. When Newman wrote that no man would be a martyr for a conclusion, he did not reckon on Sidney Hook.

Coupled with an old-fashioned sense of fair play, Hook's immoderate reasonableness makes easy criticism of his positions impossible. At the outset, for example, he admits to two main errors that distorted his vision for some time: a lack of appreciation for Zionism, and an underestimation of the regenerative powers of American capitalism. In fairness, he was not alone in these misjudgments and, when events proved him mistaken, he more than most displayed a willingness to reexamine his assumptions to find out where he had gone wrong. In light of this willingness, Hook's judgments in two other areas—God and socialism—are all the more incongruous.

Indeed, the most puzzling aspect of *Out of Step* is the author's continued affection, quite unlike him, for a socialism that does not now work anywhere and never has (with the possible exception of voluntary organizations like Christian religious orders and Israeli kibbutzim). At one point he notes that "the very meaning of socialism changed once we [socialist intellectuals] abandoned serious advocacy of collective ownership of *all* social means of production, distribution, and exchange." One smiles inwardly when contemplating the withering reply Hook would deliver to an adversary who tried to squeeze out of a problem by changing the definition.

To be sure, Hook's continued socialism is more implied than stated, and in the one part of the book where he does make his positive vestigial beliefs explicit he says he is "an unreconstructed believer" in "the welfare state," a far cry from the socialism that led him to vote Communist in 1932 or to help found the American Workers Party a few years later. He notes that few of his friends really considered socialism on its economic merits. In his case, for example, he was "drawn to socialism on ethical grounds," attracted by its "apparent rationality," its "sense of human fraternity," its "heroic element." Without ever endorsing the free market for its positive contributions, he confesses that the idea that extending such power to the state threatened freedom did not occur to these early socialists.

In most other men it would be enough to leave it at that. But Hook is so far above other men in both intellect and honesty that he ought to be pressed for a more exacting account. In the political and intellectual arenas, he has distinguished himself as a champion of freedom, a mature thinker who tolerates the inevitable distasteful excesses such freedom entails to preserve the precious core ("heresy, not conspiracy" is the good rule of thumb he proposes, the title of a book he wrote on the subject). Yet this same champion of freedom only grudgingly acknowledges similar arguments—and evidence—about the economic dimension.

Perhaps the most glaring reluctance of Hook and others is the failure to come to grips with the socialism of Nazi Germany, which most of them try to fob off as a product of the market in a confusion of big business with capitalism. That Hitler's party was called the National Socialist Workers Party does not seem to have discredited socialism in the least. True, Hook does at one point allude to Hitler's claim to socialism, but a more explicit reference talks of both Roosevelt's America and Hitler's Germany as "capitalist powers." How capitalism became confused with mere bigness is a paradox, given its key proposition: that the ability of those on the bottom to enter into the market acts as a wedge to prevent the abuses of the giant. Although fascism and corporatism are different from the Soviet or Chinese versions of the collective, the former are equally far away from the free market philosophy Hook seems to find so abstract and antihuman.

In his defense, the language of free market partisans—this writer is no exception—often does not help. "Let

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the market decide" is one typical phrase, as though there were an identifiable "thing" as the market making that decision. The "magic of the marketplace" is another, conjuring up a mysterious system based on economic hocus-pocus. But Hook is smart enough to realize that letting the market decide means no more than to leave it to the free decisions of men and women to enter into agreements with one another. This is not to deny that the decisions of men and women at the bottom of this system are constrained, sometimes severely so. But then so are our political choices, at least in democracy. That Hook is so far off base here can be seen in a reference to a "reliance on laws that operate under ideal conditions," a charge more befitting centrally planned economies. For capitalism, like democracy, sees the perfect as the enemy of the good.

Certainly Hook cannot be unaware of the arguments, especially having now taken shelter under the roof of the Hoover Institution. Perhaps that is why, sensing he is on weak ground, he shies away from outlining a specific economic arrangement. Instead he alternates between acknowledging the shortcomings of socialism and sniping at those who extol the virtues of capitalism. In the end he makes an uneasy peace with a free-enterprise system that includes Ronald Reagan's "safety net."

God is quite another matter. Now, a being in which the author clearly does not believe might not be expected to play much of a role in his memoirs, but the almighty, despite his non-existence, nonetheless manages a remarkable, one might say miraculous, number of appearances. For Hook is no ordinary atheist, no bigot. Although he contends that "faith in the existence of an all-powerful and all-loving god has no more intellectual justification than faith in the existence of a cosmic Santa Claus," he equally holds that "the questions of God, freedom, and immortality are the most important of all questions that human beings can face." Still, there is a tendency to take the failure to prove God's existence as proof of his non-existence.

Although Hook does not flinch at the eternal silence of these infinite spaces, many of his erstwhile colleagues did, ultimately coming around, to Hook's great distress, to a deity. This was the fate of, among others, James Burnham, William Barrett, Whittaker Chambers, and Will Herberg; even Delmore Schwartz "alarmed" Hook by confessing an attraction to the Church of Rome. When it comes to religion, Hook's powers of discrimination fail him. For example, despite all his disagreement with Roman Catholicism, he seems to take that as the only model of Christianity: Protestantism never gets a hearing; nor does he turn his attention to any religious aspect of Judaism. The treatment of Catholicism itself is odd, using as he does the positions of Mortimer Adler—a non-Catholic—and the church almost interchangeably.

This is not to deny that Hook's particular grievances *vis-à-vis* religion are valid. Early experiences with churchmen, particularly Roman Catholic hierarchy, who used their influence to block teachers like Bertrand Russell, evidently convinced him that faith is not compatible with intellectual freedom. Equally important is his opposition to the philosophical premise that only religion provides a basis for morality. Without using himself as an example (which example would be eminently justified), he insists that morality can be constructed outside religious faith.

There is no problem in conceding this point, as any number of faithful do. Indeed, if he weren't so dogmatically opposed to dogmas and so intent on forcing them into his own framework, he might find that many of the West's moral assumptions trace themselves to these dogmas, assumptions he by and

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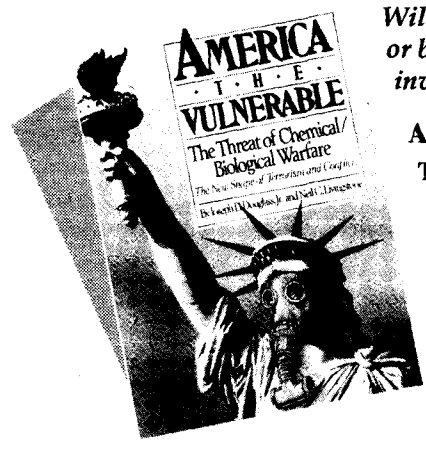

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large holds himself. But Hook rarely addresses religious propositions on their own terms. He argues, for example, that "men create God in their own image," whereas the Judeo-Christian tradition holds just the opposite; either position may be intellectually entertained but neither can be logically refuted. And like all ideas, that of being created in God's image has profound consequences for how we may treat our fellow man.

Moreover, though religion is not logically essential to morals, it has a better track record than most anything else. The alternatives propounded by philosophers over the ages have failed miserably, generally because they require populations of Marcus Aureliuses and Sidney Hooks to make them work. It's no secret, either, that the study of ethics today tends to undermine belief in a rational framework for morals, just as Hook's own memoirs bitterly attest to the lack of what he concludes is the pre-eminent virtue—moral courage—in the academy. To be sure, this does not constitute a logical proof. But it does go a long way toward establishing that "preponderance of evidence" the author suggests as a guide to conclusions.

All in all, Hook's objections to God appear downright, well, *scholastic*; he recounts an almost touching argument with Jacques Maritain over the mechanics of baptism that suggests a preoccupation with religious ritual, religious practice, and religious people that never quite gets to the strange but central claim of religion itself. By the same token, a religion that bases itself on a "hidden God" has no claim to be indignant when some fail to find him. It can only aim to show, via, for example, the Aquinate proofs that so fascinate and repel Hook, not that we can "prove" God's existence, but that it is not repugnant to reason. And, we might add, that faith in the alternative seems far less reasonable.

To score Sidney Hook on such points is not an indictment of his character; nor, for that matter, does it have to do much with intellect. It is merely an argument about evidence, what we accept as evidence and what weight we attach to it. Unfortunately, in the case of a man whose hallmark was a courageous day-to-day commitment to freedom at the most trying times, focusing on areas of divergence can distort the entire picture. If these "failures" seem to loom large it is only because Hook's achievements are likewise disproportionate. "Besides," as he admits, "critical articles and reviews are more interesting as a rule than purely expository or interpretive ones."

A philosopher by trade, Hook naturally tends to attribute his successes to reason. But his memoirs suggest he underestimates his own horse sense, especially in light of the shameless causes so many other men of reason attached themselves to. From the first, one senses, Hook was saved from the philosophic pitfall of a personal *reductio ad absurdum* by an ability not only to see problems but to discriminate between them and act accordingly. Nor did he permit disagreement in one realm to lead him to denigrate another's achievements in other areas. It was the gift of perspective.

The outcome of this gift is an absence of black-and-white condemnation of even his enemies (and, for that matter, black-and-white praise for his friends). At the outset, for example, he mentions that the Irish gangs who beat up the Jewish boys in his neighborhood were nonetheless "chivalrous" in their fighting (the Sicilians score less well on this point). Later he recalls one of his high school students, a young tough who couldn't bring himself to repeat in the classroom an obscene comment about his mother even though he had engaged in a knife fight over it; such a memory seems to heighten the outrage Hook felt when some NYU students disrupted a faculty meeting and one, pointing to the hat still on his head, said it remained there as a deliberate sign of disrespect for the teachers in the room (remarkably enough, the *teachers* applauded him for that). And although he clearly regarded Whittaker Chambers's digressions about God as bizarre, he credits Chambers with courage, even attributing it to his religious conversion.

It is precisely this abiding fairness that allowed him, time and again, to rise above particular disagreements to unite with others to address the larger issues. He explained this at a 1949 conference in Paris, where he characteristically described himself as a socialist and just as characteristically paid homage to the higher value of human freedom:

> I have more in common with a democrat who differs with me on economic questions, but who firmly believes in civil rights and a peaceful method of resolving his differences, than with any professed Socialist who would seize power by a minority coup, keep it by terror, and take orders from a foreign tyrant. Hitler and Stalin (both of whom invoke the term *socialism*) have written in letters of fire over the skies of Europe this message: Socialism without political democracy is not Socialism but slavery.

These were not mere words. At another congress, his cooperation with East European Catholic priests in support of a resolution in favor of philosophical freedom earned him an attack from Irving Howe on the unlikely charge that he had sold out to Rome.

Of course, many of those who have been directly involved with Hook are no doubt bound to be rankled by the unsentimental dissection of past events and personalities. From Morris Cohen, whom he criticizes for a ruthless teaching style, to Albert Einstein, whose views on the Soviet Union he found absurd, to the *Partisan Review* crowd, whom he dismisses as "revolutionary comedians," to Ronald Reagan, whom he deems too irresolute in foreign affairs and too attached to ideology in domestic ones, neither friend nor foe escapes. All are measured by their devotion to freedom, and, not surprisingly, all fall somewhat short.

In taking stock of his own life Hook subjects himself to the same standard. It does not have the virtue of seeing life whole, but the part that it does see takes us further than most. Over the course of eight decades it has even pushed its main proponent up to its outer boundaries, leading him to shift intelligence to second place after moral courage in his pantheon of virtues, as well as to deduce something suspiciously close to the concept of original sin to explain the rationally inexplicable. Having lived, by his own account, a happy and fulfilled life, marked by what he confesses is not a small measure of luck, he's almost even moved to prayer—but for the realization that this is impossible, because "a world of chance rules out an author of nature." Like the Aquinas who maintained that a sense of humor was logically incompatible with a deity, Hook might be better off not always taking things all the way to their logical conclusions. But the cause of freedom in our time has been advanced largely because he has, and it is the reason we can apply to Hook the same assessment, quoted in these memoirs, that Lionel Trilling gave to Whittaker Chambers: he was a man of honor. □

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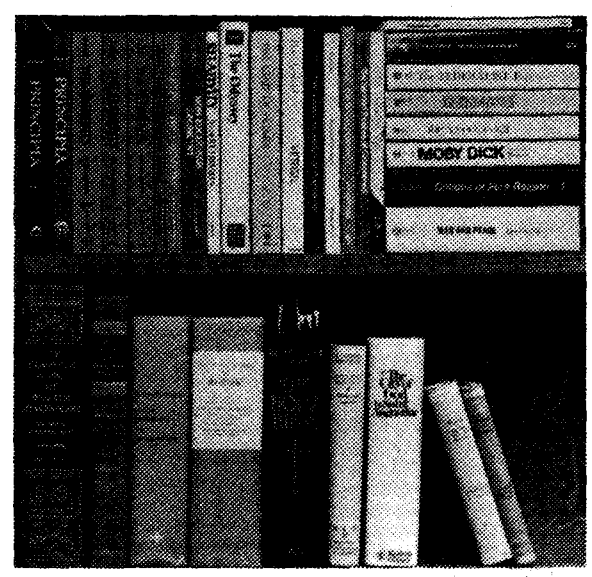

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THE THIRD GENERATION: YOUNG CONSERVATIVES LOOK TO THE FUTURE

Edited by Benjamin Hart/Regnery Gateway/$17.95

Richard E. Burr

A peril of the publishing business is that current events can repudiate the theme of a book in production. That's what the Republicans' loss of the Senate and the continuing intrigue of the Iran-contra business have done to *The Third Generation*, a collection of predominantly optimistic comments and speeches made by young conservatives at a fortnightly Heritage Foundation forum known as The Third Generation Project.

The book hopes to introduce to a wider audience the philosophical and political approach of the Third Generation members, who now number about 400. Benjamin Hart, who edited the book and who oversees the project as director of lectures and seminars at Heritage, writes that the members "appear confident, almost cocky at times" of rolling back the gains of an "inept" liberal opposition. A reading of the book makes clear, however, that the post-Reagan generation has a great deal of growing up to do, if it is to build on the successes of the first and second generation conservatives.

American conservatives, of course, had a long row to hoe before they became intellectually respectable and politically successful. The First Generation raised the conservative movement from obscurity during the 1950s, but its success was stymied by Barry Goldwater's unhappy fate in 1964. The Second Generation endured the Vietnam war and Watergate while it formed the think tanks, journals, political action committees, fundraising techniques, and political ideas that made conservatism a powerful force by the late 1970s. But only the oldest members of the Third Generation, which is defined as those born in 1953 or afterward, have experienced such serious defeat and hardship. "To most young conservatives today," Hart notes in his introduction, "Watergate and the Vietnam War are bizarre and inexplicable chapters from history books." Indeed, in the wake of Jimmy Carter's disastrous presidency, he says, "they cannot imagine America ever turning back to his policies and way of thinking."

This Marxian notion of an inevitable, irreversible victory sounds strange coming from conservatives. Experience teaches that all movements have their ups and downs, but my impressionistic peers make the age-old mistake of drawing their sense of optimism from the short timeline of back-to-back Reagan landslides, and thus obscuring the paradoxical, often contradictory impulses of U.S. voters. Polls show, for instance, that most voters dislike big government and taxes, yet favor many individual social programs. Until conservatives persuade the electorate to settle these questions in their favor, "moderate" Democrats will continue to be elected, as they were in most 1986 senatorial races.

But the Third Generation seems oblivious to such inconveniences. An air of certain victory pervades most of these speeches, which deal with ideas that older conservatives have more eloquently and thoroughly argued: a welfare state that breeds dependency and more poverty should be dismantled; Communism, which is on the defensive, should be rolled back, not just contained; social issues should receive higher priority on the political agenda, as the Religious Right complains; the scope of government should be radically reduced, as the libertarians argue. Other previously documented or published feuds on social issues such as abortion, prayer in school, and pornography are covered as well.

Most people familiar with the conservative literature will find this repetition boring, a reaction compounded by the fact that most young conservatives —understandably—are not outstanding speakers. Soliciting essays might have solved the prose problem, but the content remains a fatal flaw.

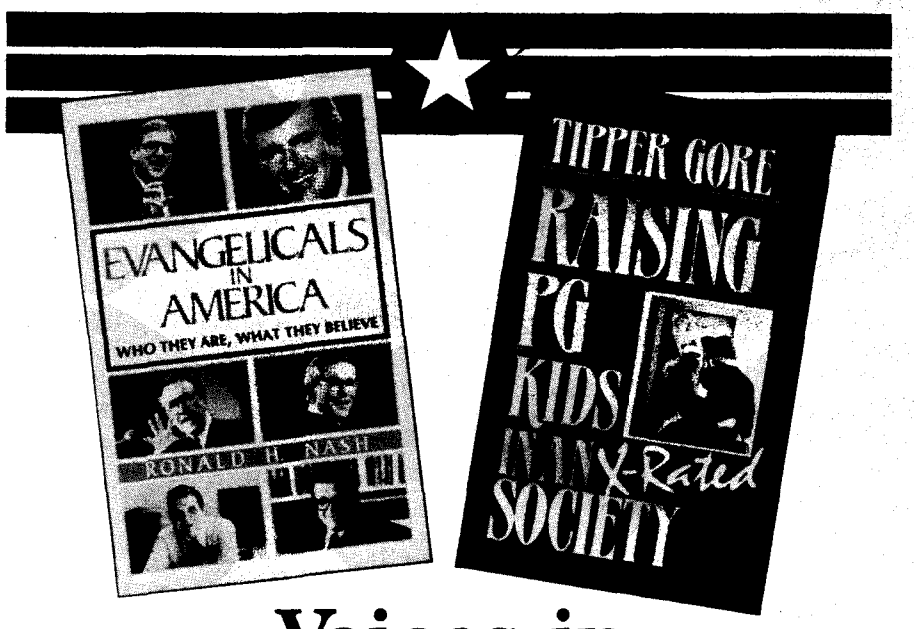
Even when the young conservatives veer from the beaten path, there is no guarantee of a provocative, cogent argument. "Conservatives are so tired of being labeled racist that today they are sometimes guilty of violating their own principles and giving conservative blacks a boost at the expense of others," says Deroy Murdock, a member of Young Americans for Freedom's national board and currently an MBA student at New York University. "So even if only for opportunistic reasons, it behooves young blacks to look in the conservative direction. . . . Now, of course, opportunism is not a good reason to be a conservative. But it is better than not being a conservative at all." Assuming that Murdock is serious, he ignores the fact that conservative affirmative action is just as condescending toward blacks as the liberal quotas he disparages earlier in his speech.

Only in the next-to-last chapter do we get a breather from the Third Generation's unrelenting, warrantless optimism and occasional hypocrisy. *National Review* editor Richard Vigilante and Terry Teachout, then a *Harper's* editor, argue for fearless and thorough self-criticism, a function Vigilante thinks no one in the movement is performing. Conservatives need intellectuals and journalists who will criticize violations of conservative principles designed to achieve a short-term objective, he argues, "so that when Ronald Reagan raises taxes, as he did in 1982, everyone will understand that his capitulation was not the conservative position. . . ." Having conservative journalists merely congratulate conservative politicians is not only dishonest, Vigilante adds, it is a waste of resources.

Teachout further tries to caution the Third Generation by noting that one of its prized assumptions—that a policy solution exists for every problem—is a liberal ideal: "It is the ethos of rational man, of man the improvable . . . the ethos that conservatives down through the ages have unanimously rejected as simple-minded and unrealistic." Only through criticism, Teachout says, will conservatism remain a vital philosophy that goes beyond "a simple checklist of road-tested policies."

But such sensible suggestions don't seem to be making much headway in the Third Generation. For in their

Richard E. Burr is an editorial writer for the Detroit News *and a 1984 graduate of the University of Oregon, where he edited the* Oregon Commentator.



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determination to gain power, these young conservatives are looking for lessons from a different direction—the left.

To make the conservative revolution permanent, says Grover Norquist, the executive director of Americans for Tax Reform, the Third Generation can learn an important lesson from Mexico's dominant Institutionalized Revolutionary Party (PRI). "Before the PRI came to power, Mexico was wracked continuously by revolutions, with the government turning over every few months or so," he says. "But then someone decided to make the revolution permanent and created the PRI, which rules to this day. . . . I do not mean that we ought to imitate the Mexican government's corrupt and anti-democratic policies." How else does he think you make a revolution permanent?

But then Norquist, who Hart says is "called by some the Lenin of the Third Generation," soon drops the caveats. Conservatives must declare a Brezhnev Doctrine stating that conservative gains can never be reversed. The first step, he says, is to remove liberal personnel from politics altogether, leaving conservatives with their pick of powerful and influential government positions:

> Stalin taught the importance of this principle. He was running the personnel department while Trotsky was fighting the White Army. . . . His people were in place and Trotsky's were not. Trotsky got an ice ax through his skull, while Stalin became the head of the Soviet Union. He understood that personnel is policy. With this principle in mind, conservatives must do all they can to make sure that they get jobs in Washington.

Does this mean the conservative movement will take no prisoners? Later statements indicate Norquist advocates conservative replacement, not liberal liquidation. But such a dangerously loose comparison is, well, inevitable when you flirt, however sardonically, with a conservative version of the Marxist inevitability theory. Sure, conservatives should create doubt in the minds of liberals so they think the passage of a certain conservative proposal is unavoidable. But must we consult Communist case studies?

In addition, Norquist, whose group lobbied for Reagan's tax reform proposal, believes the way to build new constituencies is to have a 25 percent flat tax but also to allow "every tax break imaginable." Norquist acknowledges that tax breaks create artificial, inefficient markets—the key objection of the tax reformer—but he would rather buy votes. For "if we target tax cuts, we can give certain groups more than others."

Laura Ingraham, then an assistant in the U.S. Department of Education, says young conservatives also borrow heavily from the radicals of the 1960s. "Conservatives are taking away the platitudes and buzzwords of the Left," she says, as if stealing slogans from a discredited group were some sort of coup. Thus, Ingraham finds that the way to gain the moral offensive is to engage in name calling, as the liberals do by crying "McCarthyism." "By hammering away on Joe McCarthy's sins," she says, "liberals have made it impossible for conservatives to point out that there are people in this country who are, in fact, working in concert with the enemy. . . . We need a bogeyman of our own." Apparently, one bad turn deserves another.

The problems of the Third Generation are sadly analogous to the problems that normally beset a family-run business. The first-generation founder works hard to establish a respectable enterprise. The second-generation son follows his dad's example and expands the business into a large, profitable company. But the

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third-generation grandson, pampered by inherited wealth and unaware of the blood, sweat, and tears that went into building the business, deviates from the traditional operating philosophy and runs it into the ground.

That is the danger confronting the conservative movement, as the contents of this book attest. Conservatives can only hope this premature publication will prompt the First and Second Generations in the Heritage hierarchy to pay closer attention to their generational heirs apparent. □

FROM THIS MOMENT ON: AMERICA IN 1940

Jeffrey Hart/Crown/$19.95

Terry Teachout

Once upon a time, history and biography aspired frankly to the condition of literature. Even economists could be relied on to write stylishly. (Some of them, anyway.) But our century has seen the gradual driving of a wedge between "academic" and "popular" history, and the writing of the latter has become a widely disdained pursuit nowadays, a money-making enterprise scornfully left to the William Manchesters and Paul Johnsons of this world.

Myself, I care less and less to read any other kind of book. Given the choice between Paul Johnson on the will to power or William Manchester on the young Winston Churchill and one of the crudely written slabs of meticulously hounded footnotes that currently pass for history among the academics, I'll go for the former ten times out of ten. Randall Jarrell once described a book of poetry as giving the impression of having been written on a typewriter by a typewriter. Such ungainly books are clearly written on word processors for other word processors to read. One popular biography animated by an idiosyncratic point of view and shaped with an unerring sense of drama is worth a dozen earnestly plodding monographs on the Schleswig-Holstein question reconsidered from a lesbian perspective.

So it is a pleasure to announce that Jeffrey Hart, who normally spends his crowded hours shuttling between the offices of *National Review* and the classrooms of Dartmouth, has somehow found the time to write another book. His *When the Going Was Good!* was by far the most engaging portrait of the fifties to see print, and now we have a second installment in what one hopes will eventually become a five-foot shelf of American chronicles, a crisp and sprightly volume called, with a nod to Cole Porter, *From This Moment On: America in 1940.*

Terry Teachout is a member of the editorial board of the New York Daily News.

Why 1940? According to Hart, that was the year in which American optimism attained a kind of perfection. War was plainly on the horizon, of course, and its looming presence shaped the texture of American life in 1940. But the shadows of war also heightened the influence of

> individuals largely formed during the previous two decades who could be called champions, who succeeded, perhaps because of an undivided will, a will that remained intact, in being larger than life and in dominating their chosen activity. . . . Despite the Great Depression, which was ending in 1940, these champions and others radiated a sense of possibility that did not afterwards appear in so pure and so concentrated a form.

From This Moment On is about these "champions" and the America they dominated: Roosevelt and Willkie, Bogart and Bergman, Hemingway and Fitzgerald, Louis and DiMaggio. The technique with which Hart evokes their America, familiar from *When the Going Was Good!* and based on the kaleidoscopic style which John Dos Passos used in *U.S.A.*, is a virtuosic blending of pointed capsule biographies, longer set pieces dealing with important historical events like the Willkie-Roosevelt race, and nostalgic camera-eye reminiscences of the author's own childhood. (Hart was ten in 1940.)

The strength of *From This Moment On*, however, lies not so much in Hart's remarkable powers of evocation as in the unfailing accuracy with which he locates the temper of the times in person and place. The New York World's Fair is "a luminous statement of American optimism." The literature of the day is a succession of "major poetic statements, grand philosophical syntheses, final statements." Wendell Willkie is "the first major Republican since Theodore Roosevelt with sex appeal." Willkie's opponent, however large his failings, is still the champion of champions:

> [T]he overwhelming fact about him is that he was horribly crippled, and yet, through sheer courage and will, he rose above his devastated lower body. In doing so, he became a half-consciously perceived metaphor for an America shattered and "paralyzed" by the Great Depression. . . . Roosevelt told everyone that America would rise again and walk, too. We "have nothing to fear but fear itself." Whatever that strange and famous sentence means, it surely implies a celebration of pure will.

It is unusual for a conservative to recognize, let alone frankly acknowledge, the symbolic power of Franklin Roosevelt. But Jeffrey Hart grasps this aspect of Roosevelt in the same way he grasps the optimism that is so salient a feature of the American character. To be sure, Hart's awareness of the coming cataclysm, of the loosening of the will that would dominate postwar America, lends savor and bite to every page of *From This Moment On.* His epigraph comes from that quintessentially American pessimist, Robert Frost. ("It looked as if a night of dark intent/Was coming, and not only a night, an age./Someone had better be prepared for rage.") Still, Hart recognizes that the American temperament is not at base a pessimistic (or conservative) one, that it simultaneously encompasses individualism and idealism, and it is his special gift to illuminate the resulting cultural tensions with grace and clarity.

One may quibble here and there with Hart's sense of priorities. A book about America in 1940 that devotes four chapters to sports and one paragraph to popular music is a book written by a man with earmuffs on. And *From This Moment On*, like *When the Going Was Good!*, is marked at times by a positively Chestertonian disdain for precision. (Hart even gets the lyrics of "As Time Goes By" wrong.) But it is Jeffrey Hart's 1940 that we are invited to survey here, not anyone else's, and his admirably personal approach to historical narrative has a sweep and vigor that makes objections like these, however noticeable at the time, seem trivial on reflection.

A popular book, then, and a perfectly wonderful one. And wonderful, too, that another conservative has emulated Paul Johnson and turned his hand to the writing of interpretive history for the common reader. Even the fussiest of academics must acknowledge that such efforts, by the force of their popularity, sometimes end up shaping history as much as recounting it. H. G. Wells's *The Outline of History*, which sold a fearsome number of copies, did a fearsome amount of damage in the process. Fortunately, every copy of *Modern Times* cancels out an *Outline of History*, and *From This Moment On: America in 1940* will doubtless have the same countervailing effect on any number of hateful revisionist screeds. May it sell a million copies. □

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FIDEL: A CRITICAL PORTRAIT

Tad Szulc/Morrow/$19.95

Steven C. Munson

Fidel: A Critical Portrait, by journalist Tad Szulc, has been widely and on the whole favorably reviewed. *Newsweek*'s Jim Miller found it "fascinating and comprehensive." Writing in the *Washington Post Book World*, John Dorschner declared it "a major, revealing book" and "the best portrait ever of Fidel Castro." Although critical of the book, Glenn Garvin of the *Washington Times* concluded it will become "the standard reference work on Castro." Even K. S. Karol, who regretted in the *New Republic* that he could not accept Szulc's analysis, nevertheless labeled *Fidel* an "impressive work."

The book that has garnered these accolades is, to be sure, no ordinary biography. Although Szulc makes a point of claiming that it is an unauthorized, unofficial, independent work, *Fidel* could not and would not have been written without the permission and collaboration of its subject. Szulc acknowledges his debt to Castro and the Cuban leader's "seventeen close associates and comrades"—almost all of whom currently hold high Communist party or government positions—who spent hours, in some cases days, talking to him. Szulc also points out that these interviews provided the "bulk of the original material" in the book.

Since his biography is based on official Cuban sources, it should come as no surprise that the story told by Mr. Szulc is sympathetic to Castro and his revolution and hostile to the United States. Despite its subtitle, *Fidel* contains very little criticism of the Cuban leader, and almost all of that is qualified, explained away, or otherwise deflected by Szulc. What's left fills perhaps half a dozen pages near the end of the book. Before reaching that point, however, one must endure more than half a thousand pages of numbing hagiography.

According to Szulc, Castro is one of the most remarkable men to have lived in the twentieth century. He has an exceptional intellect, a fertile imagination, a computerlike memory, and a boundless curiosity. He is a voracious reader who displays "accumulated knowledge and erudition," and a student of the past who delights in dissecting classical oratory. An unmatched persuader and a great orator himself (perhaps better, Szulc suggests, than Gladstone or Churchill), he is a great listener and a superb questioner as well.

Not only is Castro possessed of stunning intellectual and conversational powers, he is also a virtuoso at politics. Immensely attractive and contagiously energetic, he "inspires widespread loyalty on the basis of human chemistry." At the same time, he is "a man of surprising shyness," "a very private person" who, despite his many responsibilities and obligations, "still tries to be a free soul, to act on the spur of the moment, to do the unexpected." Courteous and thoughtful, he is above all fearless, having stood on "the brink of death an incredible number of times" and laughed about it more than once.

But if Castro is "a man of panache, a romantic figure, an ever-defiant, dizzyingly imaginative and unpredictable rebel, a marvelous actor, [and] a spectacular teacher and preacher," he has his less appealing side as well. He is, Szulc admits, "long on vanity" (though not nearly as long, his biographer writes, as Marshal Tito was). Despite his generosity and "innate beautiful manners," he is capable of vindictiveness and outright rudeness. He also "demands instant responses to his slightest whims" and is given to frequent fits of rage and brooding petulant moods. Such behavior, however, in no way alters Szulc's admiration for Castro's "uncompromising personality, his unshakable sense of self-righteousness, his toughness, courage, risk-taking instincts, and pride."

Szulc regards Castro, in other words, as someone whose faults are more than outweighed by his strengths and virtues, and he does his best to soften Castro's image as an absolute and ruthless dictator. Everywhere the Cuban leader goes, for example, he is accompanied by orderlies who tuck his fatigues into his boots if they slip out; yet Szulc insists that compared to other world leaders, Castro enjoys only a "modest" degree of luxury and privilege, and that he "has basically remained a guerrilla leader." Was Castro an admirer of Juan Perón? Yes, says Szulc, but that doesn't mean he had fascist tendencies. Does Castro personally control everything in Cuba? Yes, but we should not think that all he ever wanted was personal power. And if he has created an "incredible cult of personality" and "lives bathed in the absolute adulation orchestrated by the propaganda organs of the regime," he must still be understood as the lonely "prisoner" and "victim" of the system he devised.

For the real prisoners and victims of that system, Szulc shows no such sympathy. Shortly after the revolution, for example, the popular rebel army commander Huber Matos was arrested, tried, and sentenced to twenty years in prison. He had committed the crime of writing a letter to Castro imploring him "to act against Communism in order to protect democracy in Cuba." Szulc comments: "In Fidel's eyes, Matos's actions constituted a treasonable conspiracy because they threatened to split wide open his revolutionary regime and armed forces, playing into the hands of the United States and other enemies of the revolution." But if Matos had to be dealt with, his punishment was relatively light. After all, Szulc reminds us, Castro could have had him shot.

Castro did have others shot, including the lawyer Humberto Sori-Marin. Another former comrade from the struggle against Batista, Sori-Marin was jailed for trying to organize an armed resistance to Castro's emerging Communist regime. According to Szulc, the Cuban leader would have granted the prisoner clemency if he had asked for it and apologized for his treason. Instead, Sori-Marin accused Castro of being the traitor to the revolution. Even for a man of Fidel's magnanimity, Szulc suggests, this insult was too much to bear.

Szulc is no more able to appreciate the bravery of a man like Sori-Marin than he is to admit the truth of his charges. By Szulc's own account, however, Castro built his revolution on the claim that it would restore democracy to Cuba. This became the theme of the revolutionary propaganda campaign that more than anything else undermined Batista, legitimized Castro's Twenty-Sixth of July movement, and brought him the support of leading Cuban journalists, politicians, doctors, lawyers, judges, and others who made up the genuinely democratic opposition without which he could not have succeeded. Thanks to *New York Times* correspondent Herbert Matthews (whose performance Szulc defends and whom he cites as his journalistic mentor), Castro's propaganda not only made him a hero in Cuba but also won him recognition abroad, especially in the United States. Szulc describes the careful preparations made to convince Matthews, when he visited the handful of guerrillas in the Sierra Maestra mountains, that Castro commanded a substantial, well-equipped force that already controlled a large amount of territory and was moving from one military success to another. None of it was true, but by vastly enhancing Castro's stature, Matthews's dispatches gave his cause a decisive boost toward victory. Szulc views this fraud, as well as the stream of Castro-ordered statements and articles published in the Cuban and American press claiming that his was a movement for democracy and against Communism, as proof of Castro's talent for concealing his political goals.

He is no less taken with Castro's skill in stealing the revolution from its democratic supporters once Batista had fled. Castro and his closest associates had, of course, been longtime Marxist-Leninists, but for tactical reasons most of them had kept their distance from the official Cuban Communist party (the few exceptions included Castro's brother and designated successor Raul, a party member since his university days). Early in 1958, says Szulc, Castro irrevocably decided to set his revolution

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Steven C. Munson is News Specials Chief at the Voice of America. The opinions expressed in this review are his alone.

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on a Communist course and secretly began plotting with high Communist party officials. After the fall of Batista in January 1959, the affiliated and unaffiliated Communists worked together to create a hidden apparatus that manipulated the new revolutionary government, which was outwardly pluralist and composed mostly of respectable politicians. Within a year and a half, having driven into exile or jailed much of the opposition, Castro discarded the facade and openly seized full power. Six months after that, he proclaimed to the world his allegiance to Communism.

This outcome, which shattered the Cuban people's hopes for democracy, Szulc celebrates as further evidence of Castro's political genius. He also points out that the sequence of events leading up to it renders invalid the longstanding "liberal" view of Castro, according to which he was pushed into Communism after seizing power by the hostility of the United States. But Szulc has by no means made as clean a break with this idea as he suggests. He seems, in fact, merely to have modified it in light of the official Cuban account of events.

According to this updated argument, Castro was pushed into Communism by the United States *before* he took power. As Szulc puts it, Castro's "bitterness towards the United States, dating back to his student days . . . must have been an extremely important factor in his decision to go the Communist route to fulfill his broad revolutionary program." Szulc contends that Castro wanted to put an end to American domination of Cuba and win "true" independence for the island, and that his revolutionary program was as much nationalist in inspiration as Communist. "The two most worshipped political deities in socialist Cuba," he reports, "are Jose Marti, the great hero of the independence wars [against Spain] . . . and Karl Marx." And just as pictures of the two men appear together everywhere on the island, so too are their names repeatedly linked in *Fidel*. Szulc simply accepts Castro's claim to be Marti's sole legitimate political heir, though he himself describes Marti as a "classical democrat" who rejected "Marxist radical social transformations" and "believed in civilian government with the consent of the governed." He treats Marti's democratic aspirations, in other words, with the same contempt he displays towards those of Huber Matos and the other rightful representatives of Marti's legacy.

A similar disrespect for facts—even as he himself presents them—permits Szulc to embrace Castro's view that the revolution freed Cuba from the political and economic domination of the United States. His own narrative tells a rather different story. After winning independence for the island in the Spanish-American war, the United States intervened once to restore civil order, once to protect American citizens and their businesses, and once to safeguard its strategic interests. The last U.S. marines left Cuba in 1923, three years before Castro was born. When Cuba's fledgling democracy began to fall apart, the U.S. stood on the sidelines. It watched while Cuba gradually succumbed to mismanagement, corruption, and political violence. A condition of near-anarchy led to a coup by Batista, which the United States, along with many Cubans, initially supported. But as democratic opposition to Batista's rule grew, Washington began to waver. When it finally decided to act, it intervened against him. During his final year in power, the U.S. cut off military aid (and forced other suppliers to do the same). According to Szulc, the CIA even gave the rebels a large sum of money.

Far from behaving, then, like an imperialist power protecting one of its colonial possessions, the United States helped to undermine Batista and bring

The Issue is Cuba

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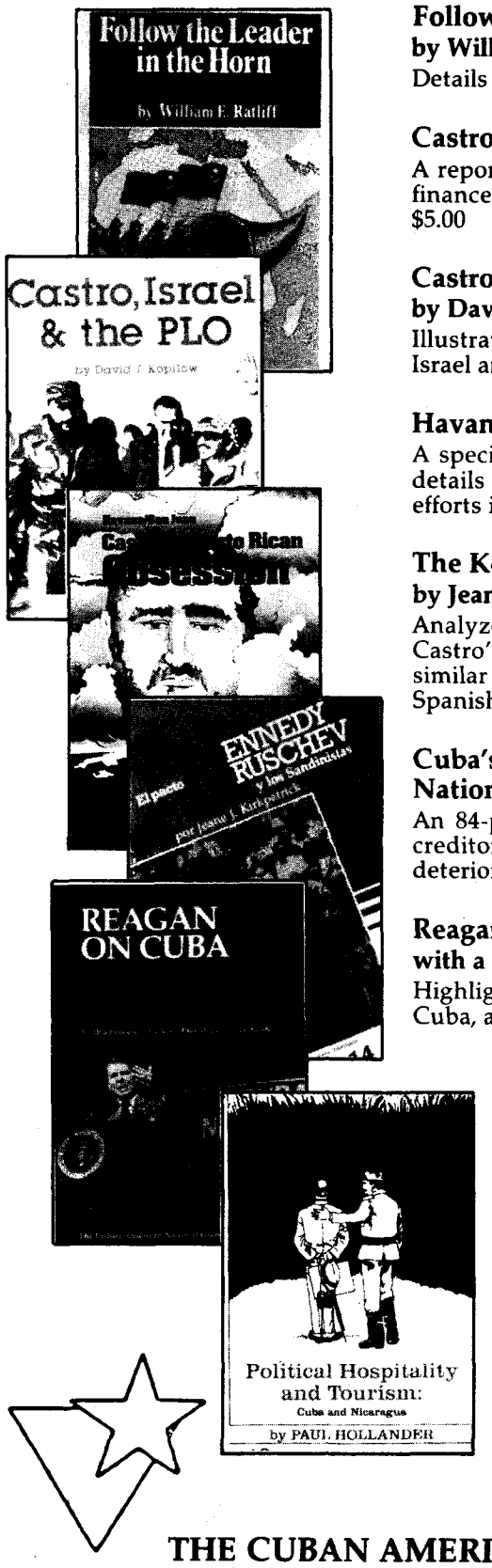

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Castro's movement to power. Nevertheless, even while the war against Batista was still going on, Castro was planning to launch a "much bigger and greater war" against the Americans and to ask for Soviet assistance. Szulc finds both intentions entirely understandable and justifies the evolution of Soviet-Cuban relations every step of the way: from the very early years, when Castro still had some room to maneuver in his dealings with the Kremlin, to the present, when Castro has long since become accustomed to his role as Moscow's supplicant, client, and apologist.

So pro-Soviet was Cuba by the mid-1960s that even the dedicated but independent Communist Che Guevara, who had helped Castro make the revolution, felt he had to leave. By the early 1970s, Cuba was totally dependent for its survival on massive amounts of Soviet aid; its intelligence service was run by the KGB; there were thousands of Soviet troops stationed on the island; and Castro was defending Soviet policies and actions across the board. Szulc chronicles the country's total absorption into the Soviet bloc—the process by which it truly lost its sovereignty and independence and fell under the domination of a foreign power—and still insists that all along Castro has only been doing what is best for his country.

But Szulc does not stop at admiring Castro's turning Cuba into little more than an extension of the Soviet Union. He applauds the Cuban dictator's efforts to help bring other countries under Moscow's sway as well. Noting that Cuba's decisive intervention in the mid-1970s on behalf of the Marxist faction in the Angolan civil war did not come in response to South African involvement, Szulc writes: "The truth is that Castro beat everybody to it . . . in an impressive display of instinct, imagination, and daring." That action, along with Cuban assistance in installing Communist regimes in Ethiopia and Nicaragua—whose Sandinista revolution, Szulc says, Castro has continued "to stage-manage from Havana" since 1979—has made the Cuban a "hero" to the Third World, which "perceives Castro as its advocate and at times its conscience." For his part, Castro is only glad to have been of service: "He thinks other peoples in the Third World deserve the kind of dignity as nations and individuals that the revolution has granted Cubans. This is what he likes to talk about most, hour after hour, with foreign visitors."

It is also what Szulc likes to talk about most in his book. Yet he presents no evidence that such a condition of dignity has actually been achieved in Cuba—and what little he does say about the country indicates, if anything, that the revolution has robbed Cubans of much that they could once take pride in. Economic life is a disastrous failure: "masses of costly imported equipment are destroyed by the Caribbean weather because the regime remains unable to solve the problem of unloading ships and loading trucks. . . . mismanagement discourages work and production, and resulting shortages aggravate the problem of low productivity and high absenteeism. . . . Bureaucratic corruption and black marketeering in the streets are reemerging like a cancer. . . . Young people drink too much because there is little else to do in their spare time. . . ." In the cultural realm, Castro's policies "have dealt a lethal blow to creativity," turning the island into a "wasteland of ideas and a reign of strict self-censorship." Politically, "the revolution [has] spawned a new privileged ruling class built around and below Fidel by the party, the security apparatus, and the army. . . ." The regimentation and militarization of life, in a society more tightly controlled and "rigidly organized ideologically" than any East European Communist country, proceeds apace.

Although he concedes all of this—and it should be noted that in criticizing Castro he goes no further than pointing out the kinds of "mistakes" that Communist officials elsewhere now routinely talk about correcting in their own countries—Szulc nevertheless clings to the view that the revolution has "bestowed extraordinary gifts" on the people of Cuba. In the end, these seem to consist of schools and clinics. But Szulc can say nothing specific about the quality of medical care in Cuba. As for the schools, it is highly unlikely that in "the most indoctrinated society in the world" they provide what we would consider a good education.

While such considerations may be inconsequential to Szulc, other commentators have not been so sanguine about Cuba. Szulc's celebration of Castro and the revolution appears to be at odds with recent writing about the island, in particular the wave of articles and reviews that followed the publication last summer of the memoirs of the poet Armando Valladares, who spent years in Cuban prisons. In response to this firsthand account of the brutality, cruelty, and viciousness of life in the Cuban gulag, a number of writers on the left professed to have had their eyes opened for the first time to the true nature and consequences of Communism in Cuba.

To those who took this reaction as evidence of a change in "liberal" attitudes toward Cuba and Communism in general, the response to Szulc's book may come as something of a surprise. *Fidel* tells the story of the Cuban revolution from the point of view of Castro and his fellow Communists. It is as official an unofficial version of historical events as one is likely to get. It glorifies Castro and his life, apologizes for his dictatorial rule, and applauds his imperialist pro-Soviet foreign policy. Yet it has been hailed as an original and permanent contribution to our understanding of its subject.

That such a book should receive this kind of acclaim, even in the post-Valladares climate, is not, however, as mysterious as it might seem. For while Szulc's delirious excesses and brazen tendentiousness make him something of an exception these days, his way of looking at Communists—as fundamentally well-meaning idealists—and Communism—as just another imperfect form of government—is by no means uncommon. On the contrary, it has for some time been deeply rooted in our political culture. It is evidently so well entrenched now that—Valladares notwithstanding—not even a book like *Fidel* can be recognized for what it is. □

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Jerusalem

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We hear much about Jerusalem being one of the holy cities of the Moslem Arabs—the third most holy after Mecca and Medina. And also that solution of the "Middle East Problem" will not be possible until Israeli Jews relinquish their "occupation" and restore the holy city—or, at the very minimum, its eastern part—to its "rightful owners", the Moslem Arabs.

What are the facts?

■ The startling reality is that before the end of the 1967 Six-Day War, during which the Israeli Defense Forces reconquered Jerusalem from the Jordanians, claims to Jerusalem being a Moslem holy city were rarely, if every, asserted. Jerusalem had always been a city in which many religions and nationalities lived side by side. It was only after the old city, the part that contains the holy places of Christianity, and the place most holy to the Jewish religion, was back in Jewish hands that the Moslem Arabs declared their willingness to wage "jihad" (holy war) to bring the city back into Arab possession.

■ The notion to call Jerusalem an Islamic holy city has only come about in modern times and now has gained currency by dint of constant repetition. The basis for the claim is that Jerusalem does indeed contain an Islamic holy site, namely the Al Aksa Mosque. It's the place from which Mohammed is believed to have ascended to heaven. What is the origin of that legend? Mohammed never in his lifetime set foot in Jerusalem. But aware that it was the holy city of Christians and Jews, and wishing to convert them to his new religion, he commanded his followers to build a mosque in Jerusalem. In recognition of the city's holiness to Jews, Moslems designated the Temple Mount as the place from which Mohammed ascended and built the Al Aksa Mosque to commemmorate the event. But never in Moslem or Arab history did this mosque compare in significance to the Moslem holy cities of Mecca and Medina—cities that no "infidel" may visit.

■ It's on the basis of this religious tradition that the Moslems designated the entire Jewish Temple Mount to be their holy site. The Israeli Government, in its constant spirit of accommodation to Moslem sensibilities, has largely acceded to this tradition and has put the area in and around the Al Aksa Mosque entirely under Moslem control. No Israelis, no Jews, and no Christians can enter without the permission of the Moslem religious authorities. But how would Christians feel if, instead of from the Temple Mount, the Moslem tradition had Mohammed ascend from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and if the Moslem Arabs were to claim that site as their property? The Christian world, often ready to consent to Moslem claims against Jews and Israelis, would be greatly astonished—and rightly so. But Moslem Arab assertiveness doesn't end there. On the tenuous claim to the Temple Mount, they have construed a claim to the entire city of Jerusalem (or at the very least to its eastern part), which they have declared to be their "third holiest city" after Mecca and Medina. And it would be an insult to all Moslems and all Arabs to leave the city in the hands of the "infidel Jews".

■ But the city of Jerusalem—in contrast to Baghdad, Cairo, and Damascus—has never played any major role in the political and religious lives of the Moslem Arabs. It was never a political center, never even a provincial or sub-provincial capital. It was the site of one Moslem holy place, but otherwise a backwater to the Arabs. The passion for Jerusalem was not discovered by the Moslem Arabs until most recent history.

Jerusalem has been the motivation of Jews, its only major holy city and its guiding light for over 3000 years. Over the centuries and through all tribulations, Jews never forgot Jerusalem and prayed daily for being able to return to it. Jews are not the usurpers in Jerusalem. They have been living there, virtually without interruption since the Biblical era, have been the majority population for much of the time and since the 19th Century. Jews have holy sites—synagogues and temples—in most cities of the world. But do they claim sovereignty over those cities because of it? Of course not! It would be preposterous. And the Moslem Arab claim to Jerusalem, based on the Al Aksa Mosque on the Temple Mount, is just as untenable. Jerusalem has been the center of Jewish life, of Jewish yearning, and of Jewish thinking for over 3000 years. That is the reason that the State of Israel has rededicated the Jewish holy city to be its indivisible capital.

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BEST INTENTIONS: THE EDUCATION AND KILLING OF EDMUND PERRY

Robert Sam Anson/Random House/$17.95

David Brooks

In June 1985, Edmund Perry was the academic star of 114th Street in Harlem. He had just graduated from Exeter Academy and was due to attend Stanford, on a full scholarship, in the fall. On the evening of June 12 an undercover policeman, Lee Van Houten, was patrolling Morningside Drive when he was jumped by two muggers who, he claimed, choked and beat him, continuing even after Van Houten identified himself as a policeman. When one of the young men shoved the officer's Adam's apple into his windpipe—a potentially lethal maneuver that expert muggers use to knock their victims unconscious—Van Houten pulled out his gun and shot and killed Eddie Perry.

New Yorkers reacted to the incident as if it defied the laws of physics. You redevelop a ghetto block with $25 million in HUD grants. You take one of the smarter kids from the block and send him, on scholarship, to an elite prep school. You see that he gets a $175-a-week summer job at Kidder Peabody, and you see that he gets a full ride to a prestigious university. Such kids don't go mugging undercover cops, especially kids like Perry, who, by all reports, had an Eagle Scout personality—close to his mother, respectful of authority, committed to black progress, friendly with peers, active in church. "Our shining star," a cousin called him.

When the story broke, Reverend Preston Washington, Eddie's pastor, declared, "They kill and ask questions afterward. It's a new form of lynching. The police don't value black life at all." C. Vernon Mason, a black candidate for District Attorney, thundered, "Officers of the New York City Police Department, your arms and hands are dripping with blood!" The *Village Voice*, calling Eddie "a future Moses for his people," raged, "If you're a young black person, each moment near a New York City Policeman has to send a blast of anxiety into your heart. Was Edmund, like so many other victims in this city, just too black for his own good?" Jimmy Breslin and others joined the angry chorus.

David Brooks is book editor at the Wall Street Journal.

And, indeed, at first there seemed reason to believe that Van Houton was lying. Robert Sam Anson, a former *Time* reporter and author of such books as *McGovern: A Biography* and *Exile: the Unquiet Oblivion of Richard Nixon*, had a son in Exeter with Eddie. Intrigued by the incident, he set out to discover what really happened. After a few weeks of digging, however, he learned that the policeman's account was true: Eddie and his brother Jonah (who was attending Cornell) did brutally attack Van Houten.

The more disturbing question is, Why? In *Best Intentions: The Education and Killing of Edmund Perry*, Anson journeys into Eddie's past. By trip's end, the flurry of demagoguery that greeted the Perry killing seems tinny and inconsequential. The jagged faultlines in Eddie's personality which Anson uncovers make the crime seem at least comprehensible, if no less troubling.

Eddie Perry's father is an alcoholic who seldom spent time with his son, but Eddie's mother more than compensated. It was she who got him off to church every week, who enrolled him in special programs in school, who got him into Fresh Air Fund summer camps, and who pushed him to succeed in school. He rewarded her efforts with lavish displays of affection and by earning good grades.

With the help of his mother and a local teacher, Eddie was accepted into a program called A Better Chance, which sends ghetto kids to fine public and private schools. By virtue of his grades, he was accepted at Exeter. Eddie was no token student; he was bright enough, and more self-disciplined than the average Exeter pupil. He did very well his first year. "Being at Exeter, seeming so educated, I thought he was from some nice East Side neighborhood," a fellow student told Anson.

But with total acceptance within his grasp, he turned away. By his second year, he was exaggerating his Harlem, street-wise background. When he scraped a knee riding a bike during vacation, he told classmates he'd been injured in a fight. Later, he told them that he'd hit a teacher in junior high and that he'd had three friends murdered in Central Park. All of it made him seem cooler than the average preppie, but none of it was true.

By senior year, after a year of schooling in Spain, he'd built an entire persona around this ultra-black, ghetto-tough image. Harlem and blackness became his dominant, some say only, topics of conversation. He increased his use of profanity, and overplayed the strut in his walk. He cultivated the black stud stereotype by joining a secret "sex club" whose members passed initiation by having intercourse, blindfolded, with a stranger on a seminar table in one of the Latin classrooms. He began dealing drugs, selling marijuana and PCP to fellow potheads.

Politically he adopted a Black Panther militancy, denouncing Martin Luther King in class and declaring contempt for white culture, especially for attempts by whites to help blacks. He persuaded other black students to drop out of Exeter. He stopped studying and became furious when contradicted in discussion. He capped his Exeter stay by reading a vicious racial tract to a schoolwide assembly. It screeched with the anti-white, anti-American, anti-assimilationist rhetoric of the black power movement at its angriest. He even alienated a corps of fellow rebels (all white) when he suddenly and brutally attacked one of them. By the end, Eddie was almost totally isolated.

Meanwhile, back in Harlem on vacations, he worked overtime to establish his blackness. He told his drug supplier that he'd clubbed two Exeter football players for racial reasons. The clash of cultures was obviously taking its toll. After four years at prep school, he no longer fit into Harlem, despite his best efforts. "You've been living in an entirely different world," says one of Anson's sources, who made a similar ghetto-to-prep school trans-

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formation. "Instead of jiving down on the corner, you've been getting turned on to Nietzsche and Thoreau. Still, you've got to fit in with your friends. How do you do it? . . . You got to snort more coke, smoke more reefer, shoot more baskets, give up more poontang." In Harlem, the stereotype Eddie cultivated led him to drugs and crime. Black militancy didn't go over well there. He saved that for Exeter, where everybody thought it was legitimate black rage.

Eddie's problems, which took racial forms, seem to have had non-racial causes. There had been some racial tension at Exeter—some students objected because blacks found it easier to get into Exeter, had grades leveraged up while there, and, with poorer academic records, were getting into better colleges than many white kids. But few students were overt racists.

Instead, his problems were pretty typical adolescent traumas—he had trouble with girls, he wasn't the center of attention any longer, he missed his mother, he had difficulty keeping friends, he felt anxious, insecure, and alienated. He channeled those traumas into a radical black consciousness, which privileged society told him was the healthy thing to do. His teachers and peers seemed to assume that black was not only beautiful, it was everything; the purer the better.

Best Intentions is a straightforward, profoundly troubling look at this perplexing personality. Wonderfully disciplined, Anson does not mar his story with pop-psychology, pseudo-sociology, or much commentary of any sort, though he gives his sources ample room to ventilate their common-sense conclusions.

A study by researchers at the University of the District of Columbia recently found that black high school students limit their academic achievements so their peers won't accuse them of "acting white." Such are the effects of racial stereotypes. Edmund Perry seems to have died because he saw himself primarily as a racial entity. Nobody showed him how enslaving that perception is. □

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THE RED PRESIDENT
Martin Gross/Doubleday/$17.95

John R. Dunlap

In November 1943, when an 18-year-old Martin Gross was in training to become a flight officer in the Army Air Corps, Winston Churchill was at the Teheran Conference with Roosevelt and Stalin. Near the end of the conference, Churchill muttered to his aide Harold Macmillan: "Germany is finished, though it may take some time to clean up the mess. The real problem now is Russia. I can't get the Americans to see it." Half a century later, Martin Gross—a teacher, editor, and prolific freelancer for most of his 62 years—has the same complaint, which he mutters in the style of a practiced muckraker. Following the tradition of *The Manchurian Candidate, The Spike, The Hills of Summer,* and suchlike novels, *The Red President* is message by melodrama.

Gross belongs to an interesting generation in the real-life melodrama of twentieth-century American history. To judge from his novel, he seems to fit the political pattern for that generation, which is to say his instincts are of the crusty Truman-Johnson variety, indifferent to what Terry Teachout calls the "conservative iconography," but contemptuous of what a character in *The Red President* calls "head-up-your-ass liberalism."

The character, a rotund conservative columnist named Jack Granick, is trying frantically to get Doug McDowell, a liberal newscaster, to look at evidence Granick has acquired regarding the sinister political connections of a Democratic candidate for President. (It is five months before the next presidential election: probably 1996—the date is vague, but it can't be earlier, as we'll see.) McDowell is a rising young media star, and he is not about to let his career be jeopardized by putting up with a Commie-baiter like Granick, whom he kicks out of his Washington office.

But shortly thereafter, Granick's body is dragged from the Potomac, and McDowell is unsettled by news of the mysterious murder (mysterious to McDowell: the reader knows that the KGB did it, dramatic irony being the crucial device in the plot). Eventually McDowell is, in Irving Kristol's tired formula, "mugged by reality"—literally: he is manhandled and kidnapped by a couple of KGB thugs when he gets too close to the truth. By this time—eight months, 46 chapters (of 104), and many subplots later—the truth is that America has a Communist for a new President.

Meanwhile our hero has emerged: John "the Baptist" Davidson, a 68-year-old retired CIA operative and self-described liberal (albeit of the more polished Acheson-Rusk variety), whose favorite admonition is "keep up your paranoia." Davidson is apprised of the situation by Agent Sam Withers, a renegade on the run from his own (compromised) CIA as well as from the KGB after he had gathered a file on the presidential candidate by following up on some freelance intelligence work. To expose the conspiracy, Withers had first tried Granick, but now Davidson is his only hope.

The file, we soon learn, concerns a Soviet operation code-named Oval Red, the brainchild of Col. Lev Andreievich Orlov, head of the Active Measures unit in the American Section of the KGB. Among several fade-outs to Moscow, one scene has Orlov modestly demurring at the effusive praise of the Politburo and insisting that the credit belongs to America, no other nation being "so anxious to distort and scourge itself."

But the Soviets hedge their bets, fully expecting that the tenure of America's Red President will last no more than six months before the traitor is either assassinated or impeached; they have to work fast if they hope to neutralize America permanently with operation STAND DOWN. And Davidson must work fast, through a web of contacts and favors owed, to find out exactly what STAND DOWN is about and to try to put the skids on it.

For the most part, Gross delivers the goods one expects in this sort of novel: scrupulous plotting, with a great mass of technical detail mixed into the narrative to give it an authentic flavor. He does, however, get a mite careless here and there.

John R. Dunlap teaches English at Santa Clara University.

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In one scene, for example, Sam Withers is wounded by a Marine guard wielding an M-16 rifle. At fairly close range, the bullet is said to sink "into the fleshy part of his left upper arm," inconveniencing Withers with a classic cinematic wound that slows him down a bit. Well—*maybe*, if the Marine's rifle had been a gentlemanly M-1 Garand of the sort Gross hefted during World War II. But the low-calibre, high-velocity, tumbling bullet of the nasty M-16 does not behave so properly when it meets human flesh. Withers's upper arm would have been shredded and Withers himself thrown into shock.

Picky? Okay, try this. One chapter in the second half of the novel has our Red President reminiscing in a lengthy flashback. We already know that this dashing young progressive is only 39 years of age; and, since we have also been told of at least one two-term Republican presidency after Reagan's, the first year of the Communist presidency cannot be earlier than 1997. Ergo, at the earliest our Red President was born in 1957.

But in the flashback, he reminisces about his pre-law undergraduate days in the 1960s, when he discovered Radical Politics and Purpose and all that. Since he is attracted to Marxism, he cannot be extremely bright—so we may suppose he could not have been in college before he was 13. And I'm not being picky; the gaffe is grotesquely obvious, breaking the spell of an otherwise taut narrative. Gross should kick his Doubleday editor for not spotting the indiscretion—all he had to do was make the Red President a decade older. (What the hell, one *can* be dashing and progressive at age 49, can't one? Just ask Gary Hart—or is he 50?)

Some engaging characters appear in *The Red President*—at least those few to whom Gross pays serious attention. Davidson and Withers are both superbly competent and resourceful, as is Peter Semanski—a captain in the Polish SB, whom the KGB uses as their principal contact in the Oval Red operation after Semanski (alias Tom Ward, documentary film writer) worms (and murders) his way into a position of confidence with the Red President. And there is Fenton, a wondrously creepy former Berkeley Weatherman who, under Soviet auspices, has taken many years tutoring the man who will be the Red President, grooming the dolt for power.

Yet among several dozen characters, most of whom are important strictly to the plot mechanics, there is not a single figure of depth. Almost all of them are on the make, driven in some fashion or other, the most admirable evincing some patriotism, but largely driven by nothing more elevated than high professional standards. Outside of the action scenes—which are frequent and deftly crafted—the dialogue is often forced, and no one says anything that isn't banal or coy or, at best, superficially shrewd.

But now I *am* getting picky. Skip the academic cavils, break out the peanuts, and open yourself a Coors. For the price of *The Red President*, you get two books in one: a rip-snorting political thriller and a realistic sketch of American lassitude amid Soviet designs. It would make a terrific television miniseries. □

SALOON/MYSAK

(continued from page 35)

'Go ahead and sue,' we tell them. 'You'll never see your money, because we can tie this up in court for ten years.' Finally, if they persist—whine, and sweeten the settlement." You do not get this from a man who cowers in the presence of a lamb chop.

When it comes time to get a table, consult with Peter, the debonair, graying master of ceremonies, and he will place you at one of the choice tables at the bar, served by waiters Chris, Harry, or Paul. He may direct you to the room next door, with murals of quaffing monks. Or you may be seated in the Wine Cellar, an intimate spot where the Great Man himself, owner Harry Poulakakos, eats dinner. The Wine Cellar is a perfectly good spot to take a date for dinner, and is one of the few in the restaurant that women like, although Susanna once confided, "This reminds me of 'The Cask of Amontillado,'" but such are the perils of going out with a Yale English Lit. major. Or you may be consigned to the far reaches of Siberia, fine in its way, but not the hot center that the bar is.

Among the sclerotic favorites served up are, for starters, oysters, a fine cheesy onion soup, or caesar salad topped with grated parmesan, anchovies, and croutons. Follow this with a slab of steak or swordfish, or on Wednesday, Beef Wellington. Top it off with a chocolate mousse, a napoleon, or some leaden cheesecake, and a pot of strong coffee. Strictly optional are after dinner drinks and cigars, although such things are known, as are last rounds at the bar before toddling back to work. The most reassuring sight in Harry's I have ever seen was of two octogenarians eating lunch, each with a bottle of wine at his place. "No sense wasting any time," observed Mr. Ryan, one of the regulars.

No, indeed, but an hour and a half is more than enough for lunch, even if one is following Boswell's *London Journal* advice and shunning diets as "weakening," and resolving to be "hearty and stout." Back unto the breach, where I was confronted with the statement that every company in the free world provided its employees with a microwave oven, except ours.

"Washington's men froze at Valley Forge in defense of liberty, and some young pups feel themselves put upon because they have no microwave oven to heat their quiche. As Queen Victoria said, 'the youth are getting soft; their elders ought not encourage them.' Away, sirrah!" Harry's is also a good spot to unwind after a hard day spent saying no to the barbarians. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 9)

v. *Wade*'s legalization of abortion in 1973. Nevertheless, Mr. Lehrman shows that as horrendous as the present situation is (4,500 abortions *every day* in the United States—nearly one of every three pregnancies so "terminated"), the terrors ushered in by the blatant disregard for the obvious intent of the Constitution's authors must only become worse. If the "original intent of the founders" does not prevail, Americans and our ideological progeny around the world will indeed become slavishly bound by the "conjured rights" given to the socially destructive few. A nation cannot stand when it ignores the very basic moral foundations of its law; it cannot hope to survive without violent upheavals when she herself promotes and protects the violent persecution of her own people.

Mother Teresa has sadly observed that "abortion is the destroyer of peace in our world" while many others have noted that this wholesale destruction of innocent human beings represents a suicidal assault upon justice itself. Mr. Lehrman's article, though emphasizing the historical record, correctly reveals the "eventual import" is indeed the destruction of not only the lives of countless others, but quite possibly, of the very *concepts* of peace and justice as Americans have always understood them. "For it is no exaggeration," Mr. Lehrman writes, "to say that the future of the world now depends upon the future of American conservatism"; namely, the dedication to conserve and protect above all others the inalienable right to life. No greater issue presents itself before American politics; no more glaring human crisis presents itself before the arena of social concern. My heartfelt thanks for printing such an eloquent case for the innocent, defenseless victims of the "spurious right" of privacy who yet have so few advocates in our culture.

—Denny Hartford, Chairman
Omaha Christian Action Council
Omaha, Nebraska

The Great Acid Rain Debate (cont.)

I am writing in regard to the misleading character of the article, "The Great Acid Rain Debate" by Dixy Lee Ray, which appeared in the January 1987 issue of *The American Spectator*. Ray can't seem to avoid making a case against her own assumptions throughout the article. No one familiar with the phenomenon would claim that clean rain is not already more acidic than the

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neutral "pure water" pH value of 7, something she belabors pointlessly for many paragraphs. When Ray suggests that sulfur dioxide is not a primary cause of air pollution and acid rain damage, she runs counter to the opinion of most scientists and even to some of the implications of her own writing. Her accumulation of evidence for volcanoes being a source of sulfur dioxide pollution does not eliminate industry sulfur dioxide sources as significant contributors. Ray inadvertently builds a case for sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxide emissions combining with volatile organic compounds to form toxic sulfur trioxide and ozone. Thus she admits what she ignores elsewhere in the article: that other suspected air pollution causes of forest and other damage originate with the same industrial sources as acid rain and can be controlled through the same emission regulations. She also builds a strong case for the Northeast being particularly susceptible to acid rain damage, as soils there are already acidic and the threshold for damage caused by additional acidity would be lower.

In other parts of the article she ignores the full range of evidence available to support widely accepted theories. Two examples are forest damage theories implicating acid rain and air pollution and evidence that anthropogenic sulfur dioxide is the largest contributor to acid rain and can cause plant damage on contact in its gaseous form. Despite Ray's vigorous promotion of natural sources as the culprits in acid rain, the National Acid Precipitation Assessment Program's director of research, J. Laurence Kulp, states: "In the U.S., natural emissions of sulfur are small on an annual national basis relative to manmade emissions. In the northeastern United States only a few percent of the deposited sulfur is thought to arise from natural sources" (information sent to Representative John Dingell, July 24, 1986). Norwegian lakes meet the criteria Ray claims are missing to establish a connection between fish loss and acid deposition. She presents only part of Dr. Kenneth Rahn's findings, ignoring his evidence that a large portion of acid deposition in the Northeast is chemically traceable to Midwestern industrial sources. Also she ignores the fact that both local and long-range deposition are from industrial sources and can be controlled by a national emission reduction program.

Her arguments do not make credible her contention that research is all that is needed to address the problem. In the last column of her article it is clear that her real motivation for taking her position is economic and political, not scientific, and has little to do with her recently acquired credentials as member of the National Advisory Committee on Oceans and Atmosphere.

Finally, her conclusions clash with those of other national advisory groups who have studied the issue over a longer time period. Even the Reagan-Mulroney Report on Acid Rain (March 1986) states:

> There is consensus in the international scientific community that the scientific data base is adequate to assess the immediate as well as the long-term implications of continuing, high-volume emissions of acid-causing pollutants and resulting acidification of sensitive ecosystems. The scientific data base is similarly adequate for the selection of effective emission reduction strategies to reduce substantially the effects of acid deposition.

The National Academy of Sciences (March 1986) is more specific:

> Analysis of the Adirondack data indicates that no other acidifying process except acid deposition has been identified to explain the rapid declines in lake water pH during the past 20 to 40 years.

The White House Office of Science and Technology Policy (July 1984) agrees:

> Acid deposition has altered the chemistry and biology of aquatic and terrestrial ecosystems of eastern North America. The principal agent altering the biosphere acidity is traceable to man-made sulfur dioxide (SO2) emissions. . . . The ecological problems that clearly result from man-made emissions are sufficiently well substantiated that additional reductions are required to prevent even more consequential environmental effects.

The Ad Hoc Committee on Acid Rain Science and Policy (October 1985) also finds:

> Substantial consensus exists on sources of acid deposition, on certain types of damage caused by the deposition, and on likely effects of reducing the emissions responsible for the acidity. Adequate scientific information exists to select emission-reduction strategies to reduce acid deposition efficiently.

In June of 1984 the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment noted that:

> . . . sulfur dioxide is the logical focus for a program to control acid deposition in the Eastern United States. Adding nitrogen oxides controls to the program is a reasonable next step if additional resource protection is desired.

On the international level, the Stockholm 1982 Conference on Acidification of the Environment (June 1982) found:

> The acidification problem is serious and, even if deposition remains stable, deterioration of soil and water will continue and may increase unless additional control measures are implemented and existing control policies are strengthened.

And over five years ago the National Academy of Sciences recommended a level of reduction to curb the destruction:

> Of the options presently available only the control of emissions of sulfur and nitrogen oxides can significantly reduce the rate of deterioration of sensitive freshwater ecosystems. In the most seriously affected areas (average precipitation of pH of 4.1 to 4.2), this would mean a reduction of 50% in deposited hydrogen ions.

The National Commission on Air Quality (March 1981) set the timeframe:

> Congress should require a significant reduction by 1990 in the current level of sulfur dioxide emissions in the eastern United States.

Clearly the case for acid rain controls rests on more than the one study that Ray dismisses, and your readers

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should be advised of the rest of the story.

—Karen L. Coulter,
Greenpeace Acid Rain
Campaign Coordinator
Seattle, Washington

Dixy Lee Ray replies:
In response to the Greenpeace letter calling attention to the "misleading character" of my acid rain article, I can only ask: since when is it "misleading" to review what is now known about acid rain, recognize the limits of our knowledge, and call for better understanding based on reliable and sufficient data? Only an extreme advocacy environmentalist organization like Greenpeace could object to knowing what we're doing before squandering billions of taxpayer dollars on ill-advised and hasty action. The cause, effects, and possible cure for acidification are not sufficiently worked out for sensible remedial action, but are certainly far more complex than the simplistic assumptions of Greenpeace.

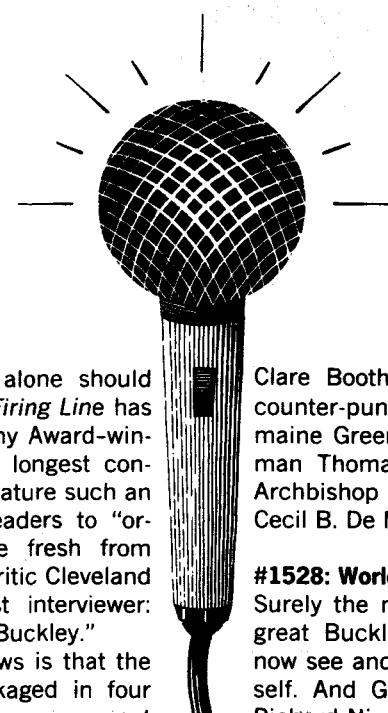
As for trying to prove one's beliefs by pulling quotations out of context from various publications, many of them superseded by more recent research, I recommend that Ms. Coulter study carefully and share with her colleagues the insight and conclusions published in the 1986 National Academy of Science volume entitled *Acid Deposition: Long Term Trends*. This report was written by more than 58 nationally known and credible scientists representing the Committee on Monitoring and Assessment of Trends in Acid Deposition, the Environmental Studies Board, the Commission of Physical Sciences, Mathematics, and Resources, and the National Research Council. The thoughtful analyses included in this report, whose purpose is "to summarize what is known about this complex phenomenon and to correct many of the misunderstandings surrounding it," represent the best of contemporary scientific opinion.

Since Greenpeace professes to be an organization that supports the environment, it should heed the advice given by the National Advisory Committee on Oceans and Atmospheres: "The greatest advance in alleviating acid rain certainly would come from the use of electricity sources that do not depend on fossil fuel. Hydroelectric energy and nuclear energy are completely clean in the sense that neither emits sulfur oxide or nitrogen oxides."

Who Cares Who Pays?
I fail to see the point of Chester E. Finn, Jr.'s "Robin Hood on Campus" (*TAS*, March 1987). Universities grant some scholarships on the basis of academic merit. Why is that bad? They also grant athletic scholarships; which is regrettable because the business of universities should be academics, not football; but it is possibly justifiable if the schools' sports program is a paying proposition. Wealthy parents who sent their relatively untalented offspring to prestigious private universities without the benefit of financial aid end up paying a small fortune in tuition and fees. This also is regrettable, but it does not strike me as being among the greatest tragedies of our educational system. . . . *—Harold W. Lewis III*
Conklin, New York

Chester E. Finn, Jr. replies:
My point was not that merit-based scholarships are always unjustified, but that colleges should be more forthright in informing wealthier parents of the subsidies they provide to their son's or daughter's less wealthy classmates. They are, after all, educational institutions, not income redistributors. Moreover, many of the "no-need" scholarships, discounts, and rebates have precious little to do with academic merit. They have to do with wooing people to fill otherwise-empty seats—and sending the bill for this to the taxpayer as well as to parents of students who didn't need the wooing. Would Mr. Lewis have us continue to hide the truth about post-secondary funding from those most affected by it? □

'We interrupt this magazine to bring you a special announcement . . .'



. . . and we'll keep it brief—the facts alone should convince you to act. Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s *Firing Line* has celebrated its 20th Anniversary. This Emmy Award-winning "talk show" is not only one of the longest continuous TV programs but the *only* one to feature such an amazing variety of guests, from world leaders to "ordinary" Americans like a young Marine fresh from Vietnam (he's now Colonel Oliver North). Critic Cleveland Amory (in *TV Guide*) once voted: "Best interviewer: William Buckley. Best interviewee: William Buckley."

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#1530: A Potpourri of Persuaders
Many of Buckley's best shows have featured *other* "opinion-makers"—you'll view a wide spectrum of highlights with guests like Jeane Kirkpatrick, Alexander Haig, even the New York *Times*' archliberal Anthony Lewis on issues ranging from Watergate and Vietnam to feminism and abortion. It's a fascinating retrospective look at history in the making.

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#1528: World Leaders
Surely the most historic show of all: if you *missed* the great Buckley-Reagan Panama Canal Debate you can now see and hear the stunning final arguments for yourself. And Gerald Ford just days before he succeeded Richard Nixon (who *also* appears). Plus a feisty Margaret Thatcher, an urbane, witty Harold Macmillan, a smug Ferdinand Marcos, a droll Eugene McCarthy, and the surprisingly tough Robert Hawke (the Australian PM, who *deserves* to be better known)—it's all fine, dramatic "hindsight" history, with Host Buckley too in top form.

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A STATE ON THE BRINK

by Kent Owen

When my mother was a child, she used to complain to her brother that the family reunion at Basses' Ford had become as tiresome as all get-out, and she didn't want to go. "Well, it ought to do us a lot of good," Uncle Bill observed, "because it should take some of the conceit out of us."

That homely advice still works. And it's especially apt now that we Hoosiers are so full of ourselves, what with Indiana University's NCAA basketball championship, the appeal of the movie *Hoosiers*, and the cussed success of *A Season on the Brink* for those who can't get their fill of Bob Knight. People who find basketball dull or whose idea of Indiana is a reticule of interstate highways must be baffled by all this fuss. Why should Indiana suddenly become The Great Good Place? Does this signal the onset of the New Dark Ages? Is this a common yearning for a better, simpler, freer America?

Hoosierocentrism is not only a theory about the tendency of all persons, events, and things to be related in some way to Indiana, but also a specific condition that afflicts those persons who believe the theory. Though farfetched, it is not self-evidently invalid, no more so than Marxism (Groucho, not Karl). Because Hoosiers believe themselves divinely appointed as the truest Americans, the slightest instance is held to confirm the wondrous if mysterious workings of God's plan.

Take Don Mattingly. The Yankee first-baseman from Evansville hits better than almost anyone in baseball, and his fielding is up to that of the late Gil Hodges of Petersburg. As an all-round player, he's the best to come out of Indiana since Edd Roush of the Reds, who, by the way, is still the squire of Oakland City, stalwart as an oak at 94. Take Larry Bird of French Lick and the Celtics. He makes pro basketball, that harum-scarum sport of the overpaid and underdisciplined, a miracle of uncanny passes and startling shots. For all his oafish ways, Bird is the finest at the game since Oscar Robertson of Indianapolis, whose unexcelled talents set the standard.

Hoosiers are quick to light upon such heroes as proof of superior merit, the triumph of Indiana's essential character over those without the law. Too quick, more often than not. As if a few extraordinary persons could endow the commonalty with their singular excellences. And contrariwise, as if the special talent of any individual Hoosier were the product of the Total Indiana Experience, thereby the result of everybody's mixing in. Which it well may be.

But it's hard for Hoosiers to realize that if they hurry to claim IU's Steve Alford of New Castle, the cleanest-living, purest-thinking, straightest-shooting basketball player, then they must do the same for IU's Jonathan Jay Pollard of South Bend, whose dishonor is as much the Hoosier's lot as Alford's shining victory. In a more complex way so is the predicament of Rear Admiral John Poindexter of Odon, whose shame is not his ouster as national security adviser because of the lamentable Iran-contra affair, but his refusal to tell the House's investigative committee in a manly, forthright way what he did know. That the committee's chairman should be Rep. Lee Hamilton of Gnaw Bone exceeds the bounds of irony, for it is he who, despite the usual complaints of leftward lapses, is the Old Democracy's leading ethicist and practicing scrupler.

In all of this an unstated, unexamined assumption pushes itself along: if you were born and raised in Indiana, you are bound to grow up knowing the right thing to do, how the game is supposed to be played. But before Americans at large rush to emulate Indiana—or Hoosiers get the idea they are the chosen people—the state of mind that is as much Indiana as the territory itself needs a thorough inspection.

Since about 1965 the quality of public education throughout the state has fallen steadily, and now barely manages to attain mediocrity in all too many schools. Conventional excuses are trotted out: erosion of academic standards throughout America (viz., SAT scores), promiscuous television-watching, pernicious influences within the youth counterculture, toxic substances in the air, food, and water, and maybe the inability of Indianapolis to capture a major league baseball franchise. Why should Indiana be struggling to stay out of the cellar in practically every category of educational accomplishment? After 175 years of hybridizing, has the poor white Appalachian strain—the Ur Hoosiers—been so inbred and diffused that the whole state now suffers from a preponderance of ignoramuses? What happened to oratorical contests, debating teams, spelling bees, school newspapers and yearbooks, French, German, Spanish, and Latin clubs? (For many years Indiana was second only to Massachusetts in the number of high schools that offered Latin courses, usually through Horace and Vergil.) How could a state that prized Edward Eggleston's *Hoosier Schoolmaster* as an exemplum of how the lowly could be taught and uplifted let itself down so badly?

Although Hoosiers seldom go in for desperate remedies (the Klan proved the folly of that in the twenties), Governor Robert D. Orr has set before the General Assembly a comprehensive program of educational reforms stressing evaluation, accountability, performance rewards, smaller-sized classes, and a longer school year (Indiana has the shortest at 175 days, which actually averages 167). The Indiana State Teachers Association was predictably all for higher salaries, but opposed to standardized testing of pupils and teachers. Nor did they like the idea of rewarding improved accomplishment in successful schools any more than they did singling out superior teachers with merit pay raises. The ISTA is big and tough enough to bully the General Assembly into getting its own way, but ordinary Hoosiers may be able to buck up their legislators so that the principle of accountability will at long last prevail.

The State House of Representatives mangled the governor's "A plus" bill with 23 amendments, which varied wildly in worthiness, but included free textbooks for poor children and specialized instruction for pupils deemed "at risk." Ignoring the $372.5 million cost of the original 31-point bill, the House provided no means of raising the revenue necessary to cover all the desiderata. Because the Republicans hold a slight margin in the House and a ten-seat advantage in the Senate, the governor is at odds largely with his fellow Republicans, who are reluctant to raise taxes in any form. Incidentally, this is an old story in Indiana because the state's first constitution in 1816 proudly instituted free public schooling, but gallantly declined to pay for it. The next constitution in 1851 did pretty much the same thing, and it wasn't until well into the 1870s that the noble intentions of Indiana's elected leaders were realized through a balance of state and local support for the schools.

Showing a passionate conviction previously undetected in his courtly manner, the governor scoured the state for whatever help he could summon to lobby the General Assembly. Even in the State Senate the lengthened school year provision was dropped, and the increased funding cut back sharply, leaving accountability as the program's salient feature. Whether or not the governor succeeded in making the General Assembly understand how scandalously poor public education has become, he did get President Reagan to mention the matter during a visit to Purdue University and Secretary of Education William Bennett to endorse the "A plus" program in a nationally publicized speech in San Francisco and then at an appearance in Indianapolis. What actual impact the strong words of the President and the secretary will eventually have on the progress of the bill through the General Assembly will come out in the event that the governor calls a special session of the General Assembly, which he will probably be obliged to do, styling it "summer school for legislators who need remedial work."

Once again, the Hoosiers have an opportunity to put their collective character to the test, this time with the urgent problem of repairing and improving the state's system of public education as the purpose. Games are fine and dandy for amusing the multitudes, claiming bragging rights, and raising morale. But if the fostering of character is really the paramount value of such intense exercises, then it is time to find out what the Hoosiers have learned from playing the game. □

Kent Owen is Indiana editor of The American Spectator.

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CURRENT WISDOM

Washington Post

Shocking findings from Margaret Engel and Molly Peter, two stalwart feminist agents just back from Middle America:

What is it about the female form that strikes some men as funny? And why do the rest of us continue to tolerate the manufacture and sale of objects and postcards that ridicule women's bodies? . . .

Anti-women icons graphically point out the physical differences between the sexes. In the struggle to eliminate racism, a key element has been the similarity of all races, the inherent human characteristics common to all people. But the natural differences between men and women give the necessary leeway for spoof and jokes to continue. . . .

How about the Sexy Apron, an item that resembles a woman's torso and includes round removable potholders shaped like breasts? The copy is filled with double-entendre references—for example "its generous proportions let you make a clean breast of kitchen chores." Also offered are swizzle sticks of six "strippers" whose clothes disappear when a drink is stirred.

[April 5, 1987]

Daily Trojan

In the salubriously named newspaper of the esteemed University of Southern California, auspicious news of sexual hygiene and gymnastic love:

"Show how much you care. Keep a rubber on hand" was the logo on T-shirts sold Wednesday at the university's National Condom Day festivities in celebration of National Condom Week.

From 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. in front of Tommy Trojan yesterday, volunteers from the School of Pharmacy handed out 1,600 condoms and distributed pamphlets about sex, AIDS, and drug abuse.

The condoms were donated to the university by Mayer Laboratories, and the literature was supplied by the Student Health Center and the Red Cross.

[February 19, 1987]

New York Times

Another surprising exhortation from the New Age—Swami Anthony Lewis comes out for an American Official Secrets Act! a Closed Society! a Police State!:

For six years President Reagan and his Administration have carried on an obsessive campaign for secrecy in government, trying to keep information from the press and the American public. Meanwhile, real secrets—intelligence secrets—were pouring out to the Soviet Union in a flood.

That is the wonderful irony in the Russian spy scare that now grips Washington. The zealots who thought up new ways to keep Administration policies secret, hounding suspected leakers and threatening the press, sat by in seeming indifference or incompetence as espionage reached record levels.

[April 10, 1987]

Rocky Mountain News

Theological gibberings from a New Age holy cleric splendiferous in jester's cap and clown's bladder:

On May 13 you should take your spouse to dinner, and tip your bartender on July 8.

This advice comes to you courtesy of the St. Thomas Episcopal Church, which for 15 years has published a calendar that may be unique in the history of Christendom.

Too many people take religion too seriously, a problem that dates back to the Puritan idea that religion is a ticket to heaven, said the Rev. Marion Hammond, the 59-year-old rector at St. Thomas.

"This calendar is about religion as play. Making love is certainly closer to the Christian concept of religion than is the idea of work. Faith is making love, not making money." . . .

The daily notes on Bible verses frequently undercut traditional views of miracles, he said, "because I don't think God needs to resort to a kind of 'Zot!' magic." . . .

Others may also question a Christian calendar that includes Marx and Lenin.

"Well, those guys are heroes for a whole lot of people," Hammond said. "We need to learn that the world is bigger than America, and that there are viewpoints other than our own. . . ."

[February 1, 1987]

Wellesley News

Metaphysical reasoning as to why the gals at Wheaton College ought not to be treated like the guys everywhere else in Amerika, and probably will not in this liberty-loving land:

It is not that women's colleges feel that men are "icky." It is that we wish to experience the unique benefits that an all women's community provides. The personality of the school that its alums and present students value most will be forever lost at Wheaton, including full access to leadership positions, pajamas at the breakfast table, and a growing awareness of the global women's heritage.

[February 13, 1987]

Washington Post

A cautionary note, steeped in geopolitical savvy, from a moral colossus:

If the sons of the upper and middle classes had been sent to Vietnam, "the war would have ended a hell of a lot sooner," Oliver Stone told a luncheon crowd at the National Press Club on Tuesday.

Stone, whose Vietnam epic *Platoon* took four of the eight Academy Awards it was nominated for this year including best picture and best director, began his speech with a 30-minute indictment of U.S. foreign policy and likened the Vietnam conflict to the present U.S. involvement in Central America, which he called a sinister repression of revolution in El Salvador.

"It's a shady war run by people with gangster morals. We are becoming as rotten and corrupt as the Russians once were."

[April 10, 1987]

New Woman

The tactile prescription for sexual fortissimos from the learned Sherry Suib Cohen, the Autolycus of the Berkshires or wherever else she might perform:

Our generation is supposed to be one of sexual sophistication, yet insidious double standards continue.

Touch is then relegated to a sexual provocation instead of being a mutual and enduring pleasure in its own right. If one doesn't love to experiment with touch as a conveyance of affection and friendliness, one may never reach the zenith of sexual achievement. Sensual touches must precede sexual intents for both men and women.

[April 1987]

Ms.

Feminist dithyrambs from another *Ms.* Milk of Magnesia quaffer:

The appalling article "New Theory: AIDS and Women," by Ann Hornaday (November, 1986), filled me with revulsion and anger. My immediate thought was: When will women control their own bodies? Another quickly follows: Did we *ever* control our own bodies, and, if we did, why did we lose control?

But my anger comes without knowing (for sure) who invented these ceremonies. Women or men? And why?

Current fiction portrays women in the near future as baby-making machines without self-will.

Are we paying attention?

—Ann Ford
Union Lake, Michigan
[February 1987]

American Medical News

In a leading literary periodical, the depressing genital count continues:

I find myself forced to take issue with the overtly sexist presentation of the pediatric trauma service as described in a recent edition of *American Medical News*. . . .

In the author's account, the pediatric surgeon, surgical resident, anesthesiologist, and pediatric resident are male. The ICU nurse, ER nurse, and nurse administrator are female. The respiratory therapist, an ICU nurse, and the ER nurse-in-charge are unspecified.

In my own institution, also a regional pediatric trauma center with a similarly constituted team available, it's a little bit different. For starters, roughly 33% of the pediatric surgeons are women, 66% of the pediatric residents are women, and 20% of the ER nurses are male.

While I will readily plead ignorance to the sex distribution of the anesthesia and surgical services at Children's National Medical Center, I know that many of the pediatric residents there are female. The author appears to lack an understanding of the traditional sexually stereotyped roles in medicine and the difficulty men and women have had in surmounting them.

—Jonathan D. Klein, MD
Boston
[January 23/30, 1987]

Bikes Not Bombs

A hand-out sheet, intercepted by our agents at Washington, D.C.'s pestiferous Lafayette Park, vindicates this venerable journal's abiding suspicion of the bicycle and the la-di-da types who pontificate about them:

Over 900 bicycles have been sent to date by the Bikes Not Bombs Campaign to aid Nicaraguan development workers. A flood of bikes in the past four months has helped the campaign almost reach its goal of 1000 bicycles.

"Volunteer efforts by North Americans working together in small groups have sent bicycles and organized for peace while the U.S. government sends weapons and organizes war," said Michael Replogle, national coordinator of the group. . . .

The Bikes Not Bombs Campaign is part of a growing movement promoting affordable and environmentally-sensible transportation that meets human needs. In many developing countries, bicycles, tricycles, and carts are among the most appropriate transportation modes for moving people and cargo short distances, yet they are often ignored by those setting transportation policies.

The Bikes Not Bombs workshop in Managua now employs six Central Americans and is training new bicycle mechanics.

[March 12, 1987]

Esquire

The things a freelancer has to do to make a buck these days! In *Esquire*'s "Ethics" column, the bashful Mr. Mark Jacobsen shares with his readers the rough time he and the missus had while conjuring up little Mark, Jr.:

I remember the "trying" days. . . . I remember how one of our doctors took a rubber model of the female reproductive system and brutally contorted it into a facsimile of my wife's "tipped" uterus. The vocabulary of those times was remote, fear-intensive; terms such as *endometriosis* and *hydrocele* became commonplace. . . . Once I had to drive a bottle of my newly deposited semen to the hospital—motility and clumping were to be tested. We were living in coastal Florida at the time but were in the midst of a cold snap. I had to clutch the bottle between my legs as drawbridge after drawbridge opened to allow the ChrisCrafts through.

But mostly, there was the trying itself. The synchronized sessions on the couch, the scheduled dalliances in the bed, the programmed tumbles in the backyard. These rendezvous were well delineated on our omnipresent charts and graphs, marked with arrows labeled SCREW! It was ecstatic, untamed, tender screwing; we wanted the best of ourselves to come forth. There always was the sense that this one was going to be the one. That raised the stakes, redoubled the hope. We'd be in the supermarket thinking about how it was growing, one cell, then two, then . . . then my wife's period would come. It became a wrenching cycle.

[May 1987]

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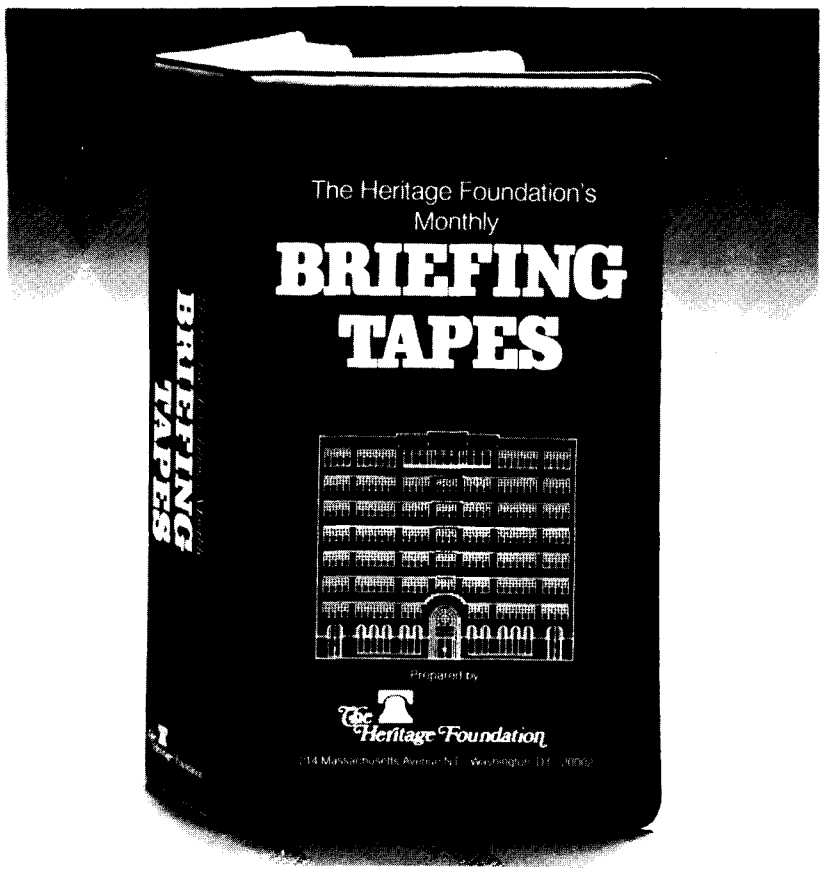

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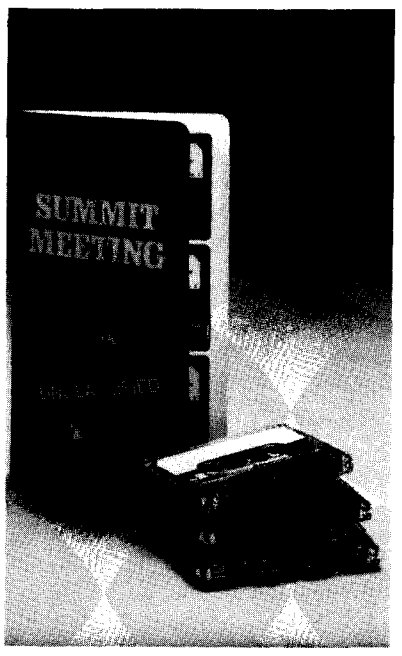

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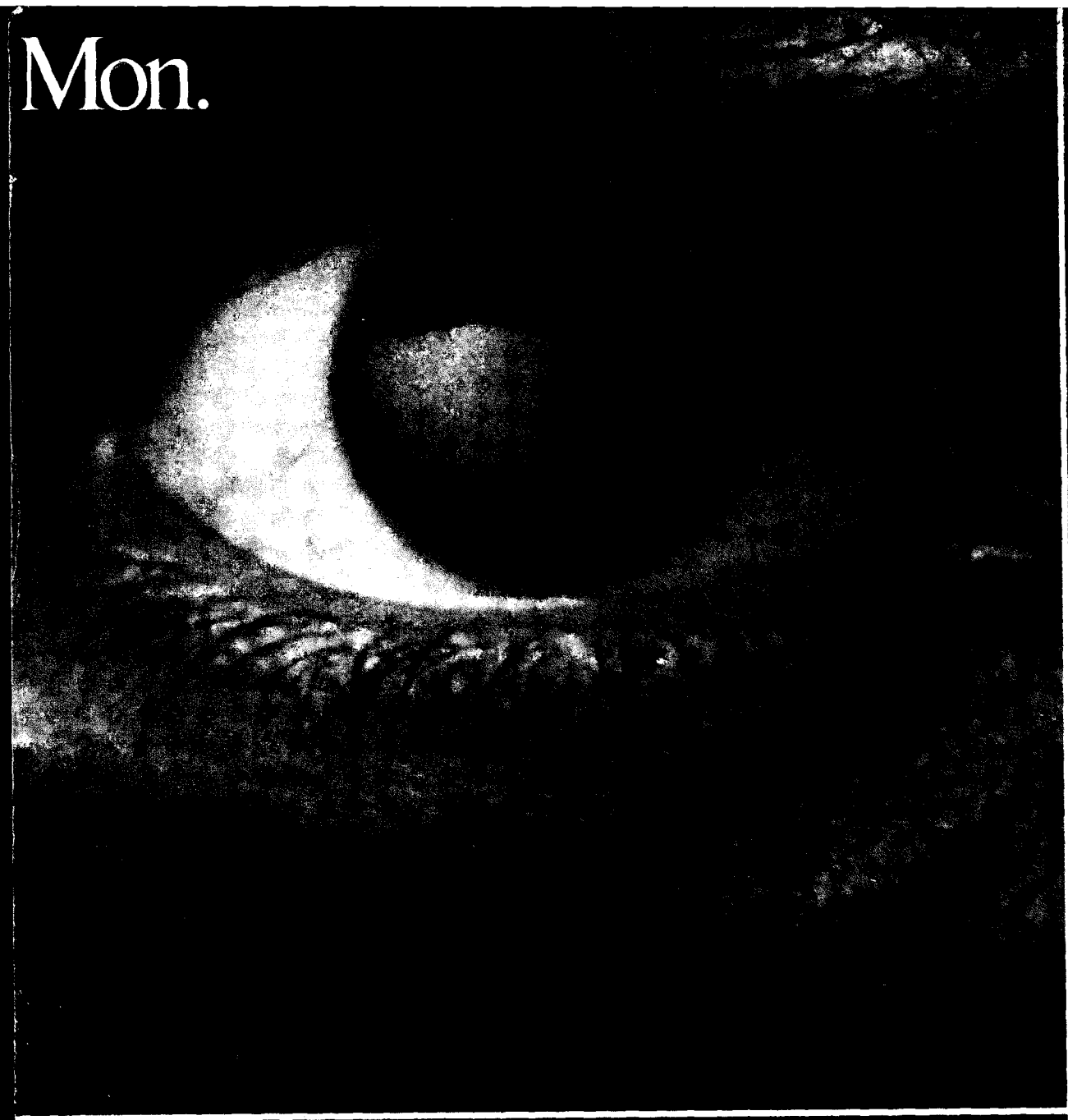

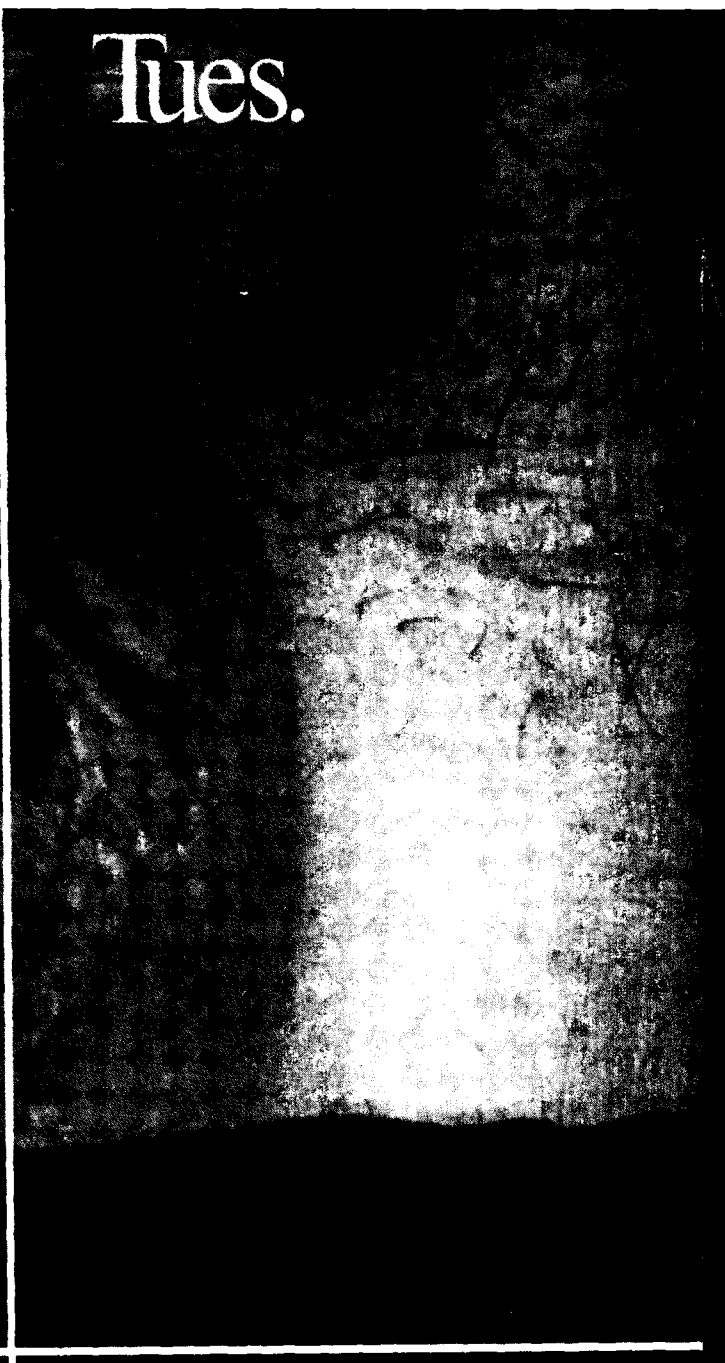

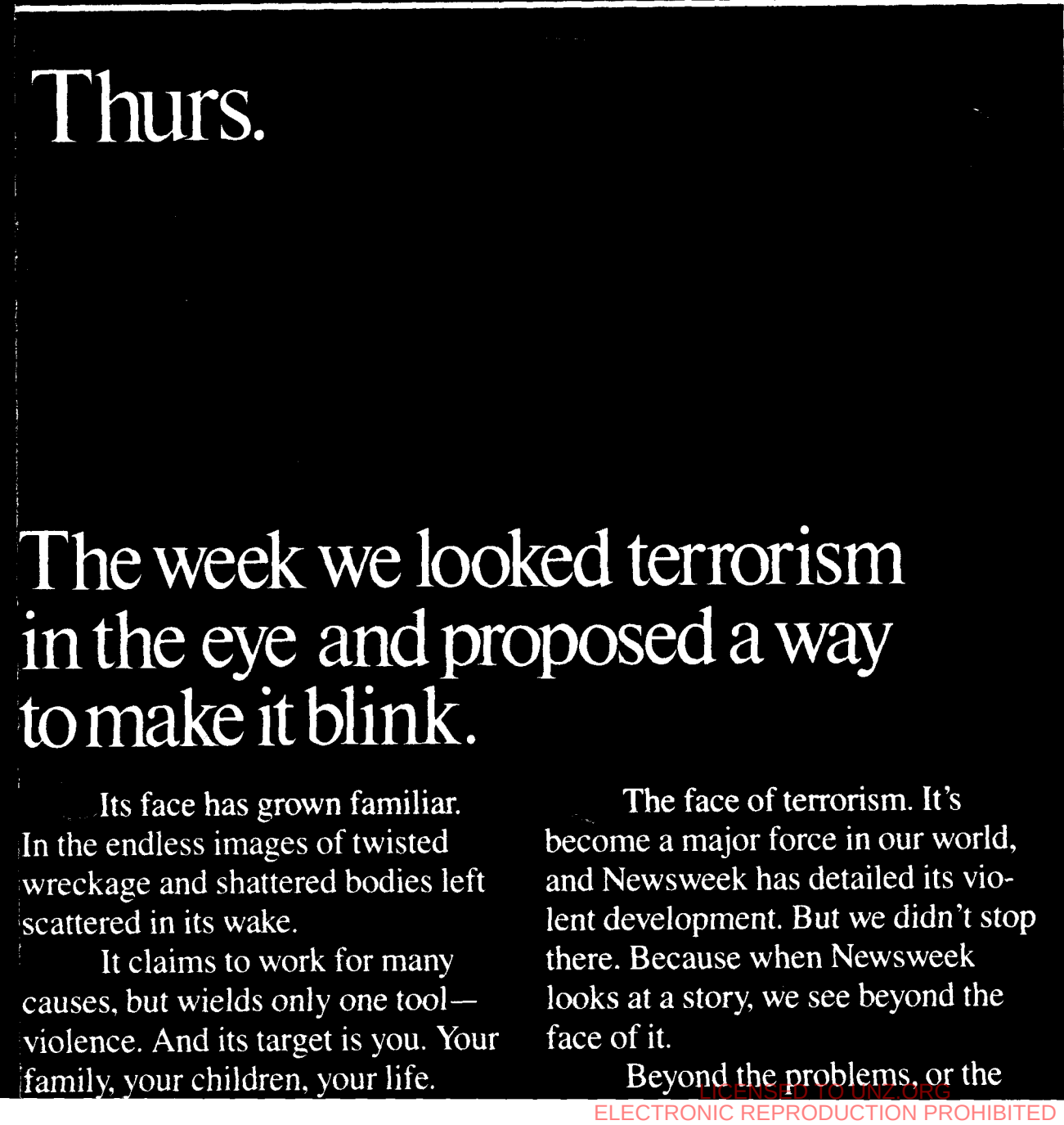

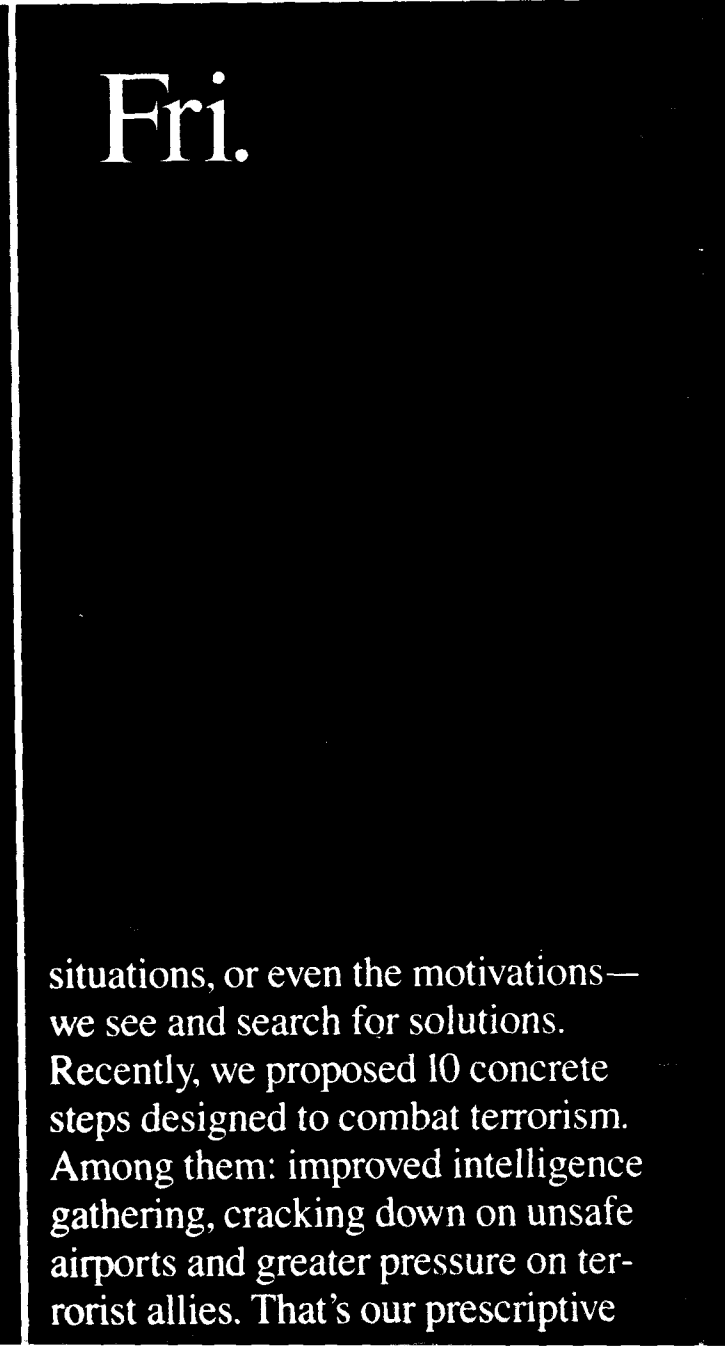

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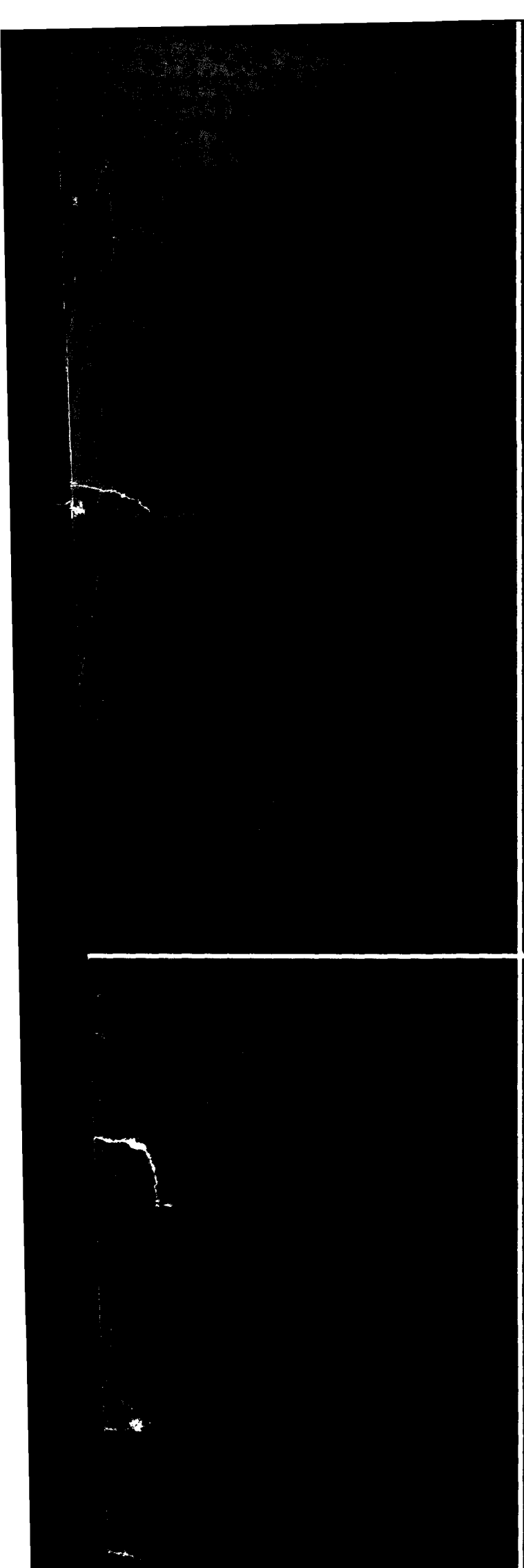

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